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{ From Beginning,
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IN A HAMMOCK.

OH, sweet 'tis to swing in a hammock 'neath
trees,
And feel the soft breath of the summer's light
breeze,
With a jug to dip into or not, as you please,
Where claret and soda commingle;
You've got a cigar, how it soothes, 'twixt your
lips,
And round you an angel in petticoats trips,
And pops in the lemon, omitting the pips,
Till you're sad at the thought you are single.

When Horace, in old days, exclaimed to his
boy,
That linden-bound chaplets could give him no
joy,
I should think not, indeed, what a singular toy,
And bid him look out for no roses;
He never had known of a hammock, I'll swear,
Or he'd surely have mentioned the fact, to de-
clare
How well he could swing in all luxury there,
'Mid pleasant Venusian posies.

You feel quite at rest, though the world has
been hard,
And you know that you're not such a wonderful
bard,
As you thought in your youth, e'er your brow
had grown scarred
By Time's irrepressible fingers;
And you idly reflect on some more foolish
verse,
Soft sentiment mingled with epigram terse,
That may win you applause and put tin in your
purse,
Wherein it unfrequently lingers.

Then here's to the hammock, and peace that it
brings,
To him who in height of the summertime
swings,
While the bird on the branch that hangs over
him, sings,
And the river runs on to the ocean;
I think that it would be most pleasant, don't
you,
Just to lie at your ease all the long summer
through,
And to swing in a hammock, with nothing to
do,
Save rejoice in the exquisite motion.

Punch.

KALANOS TO ALEXANDER.

... φάναι γὰρ ὅτι ἐν Βαβυλῶνι αὐτῷ
ἐντυχὼν ἀσπάζεται. — *Arrian*.

My life is lived. What else? Why should
I stay,
A burden unto all my friends and thee,
Languishing slow in helpless pain away?
Why not return into the Outer Sea —
The quiet that encircles thee and me?

Life—what is life? I've thought upon it
long;

I've found the best of life is — not to be.
Gall in the honey; discord in the song;
And the red roses fade upon the tree;
No joy of life that lasts: thus much know
we.

And most to those who rightly strive to live
Is life a pain — to those athirst to know
Of truth, and do it. The gods no answer
give;

Knowledge is vain; man blind and weak;
and so,

Thinkest thou not, 'tis better that I go?

'Tis well that I have looked upon thy face,
O Beautiful, and heard thy voice, and known
The glory of man's spirit, and the grace.
Nay, no farewell! Ere many weeks be
flown

We two shall meet and greet in Babylon.
Academy. A. WERNER.

A WAIF.

"Humboldt once saw in South America a parrot
which was the only living creature that could speak the
language of a lost tribe." — *DARWIN'S Descent of Man*.

SAD fate is thine, most desolate of birds,
Left lonely 'midst the strangers in the land,
Repeating still the old familiar words,
That none can understand:

Words soft with love or plaintive with regret,
Fierce battle-cries and songs dead poets
sung;

The voices of a nation linger yet
Upon thy tuneless tongue.

Words that once, haply, as with trumpet-call,
Could thrill strong hearts, or draw forth
prayer through tears,
Now, in a vain, unmeaning jargon, fall
Harsh on our alien ears.

Who were they, that lost people of the past,
Whose speech has fallen to a parrot's tone,
Whose name and memory have sunk at last
To syllables unknown?

I hear thee answer, speaking evermore
That strange forgotten language of the dead,
But only dwellers on the shadowy shore
Can tell what thou hast said.

They come not at thy call, the vanished faces,
Nor any answering voice from out time's
wrack!

Vain is thy waiting in these vacant places
For those who come not back.

Wait on, poor waif; the ways of time are
strange:

Men like a dream will pass, nor come again;
But firm, 'midst all the tides of chance and
change,

Thy story shall remain.

Chambers' Journal.

D. J. R.

From The London Quarterly Review.

THE HUGUENOT REFORMATION IN THE NORMAN ISLES.*

THE Channel Islands have a history of their own not wanting in interest and grandeur. It is the history of a small part of the duchy of Normandy which, united to England by William the Conqueror, never forgot that it was Normandy that conquered England. The Norman-like tenacity with which, during centuries, that small people struggled for the preservation of their privileges and their language should claim the attention of historians, if history condescended to remember the little ones. It would be seen how a people counting only a few thousand souls maintained and even developed their political institutions and distinct Parliaments under the power of the Brit-

ish crown, whilst Ireland, with its millions of inhabitants, entirely failed in its struggles for home rule.

The beginnings of the Reformation in the Norman isles have not yet been the object of any special study known to us. They are still involved in a certain obscurity by reason of the absence of printed documents and the scarcity of manuscript chronicles. Yet with the help of such chronicles as are available, and of official acts, the physiognomy of events, not always sufficiently respected by local historians, may be recovered. One of these historians, Philip Falle, who wrote at the end of the seventeenth century, spoke of the Huguenot period of insular Protestantism with all the disdain of his High-Churchism. Raised from the humble rectorate of St. Saviour's, Jersey, to the rich prebend of Durham, he found it hard to forgive the French reformers who came into his native country to interrupt the so-called apostolic succession of bishops, and to put the Huguenot stamp on the religious institutions of the islands. Falle's high reputation amongst his countrymen gave his unjust prejudices a credit they did not deserve, and those who followed were not always careful to examine his assertions. Presbyterianism in the Norman isles was vanquished, and to this day the conquerors alone have written its history. Is it astonishing if it reads like a *bulletin de victoire*?

In this article we shall relate, as far as our documents (many inedited) will permit, the origin, progress, and fall of Presbyterianism in the Channel Islands. It is the almost unknown history of a noble scion of French Protestantism—a forgotten chapter in the annals of the "refuge."

The Norman isles would probably never have been Protestant if Frenchmen had not brought them the gospel. And the reasons are various. First, the English language was neither spoken nor understood in the sixteenth century, and communications with England were rare and difficult. Secondly, the islands were ecclesiastically connected with France, and formed a part of the diocese of Coutances in Normandy. Christianity in its Rom-

* 1. *An Account of the Island of Jersey*. By the Rev. PHILIP FALLE. With Notes by the Rev. EDWARD DURELL, M.A. Jersey. 1837.

2. *A Constitutional History of Jersey*. By CHARLES LE QUESNE, Esq. London: Longman, Brown, Green, & Longmans. 1856.

3. *Chroniques de Jersey*. Publiées par ABRAHAM MOURANT. Jersey: Philippe Falle. 1853.

4. *Charles the Second in the Channel Islands*. By S. ELLIOTT HOSKINS, M.D., F.R.S. In 2 vols. London: Richard Bentley.

5. *The History of Guernsey*. By JONATHAN DUNCAN, Esq., B.A. London: Longman, Brown, Green, & Longmans. 1841.

6. *The History of Guernsey and its Bailiwick*. By FERDINAND BROCK TUPPER, Esq. Second Edition. Guernsey: Le Lièvre. 1876.

7. *Recueil d'Ordonnances de la Cour royale de l'Isle de Guernsey*. In 3 vols. Guernsey. 1852.

8. *La Normandie inconnue*. Par FRANÇOIS-VICTOR HUGO. Paris: Pagnerre. 1857.

9. *Histoire des Îles de la Manche*. Par PEGOT-OGIER. Paris: E. Pion. 1831.

10. *L'Archipel de la Manche*. Par VICTOR HUGO. Paris: Calmann-Lévy. 1883.

11. *Tableaux historiques de la Civilisation à Jersey*. Par JOHN-PATRIARCHE AHIER. Jersey: C. Le Lièvre. 1852.

12. *Les Manuscrits de Philippe Le Geyt, sur la Constitution, les Loix et les Usages de Jersey*. 4 vols. Jersey: Ph. Falle. 1846.

13. *La Discipline ecclésiastique comme elle a été pratiquée depuis la Réformation de l'Eglise par les Ministres, Anciens et Diacres, des Isles de Guernsey, Jersey, Sark et Aurigny*. Arrêtée par l'autorité et en la présence de Messieurs les Gouverneurs des dites Isles, au Synode tenu à Guernsey, le 28e jour de Juin l'an 1576. (Manuscript kindly lent by the Rev. G. E. Lee, M.A., Rector of St. Peter's Port, Guernsey.)

14. *Registre des Actes et Affaires les plus mémorables qui ont été traitées et arrêtées des Consistoires tenus par le Ministre et par les Anciens de l'Eglise de Saint-André (Guernsey)*. (Manuscript lent by the same)

ish type was of French importation; so was it to be with Protestantism. The fierce persecution which the Huguenots endured from the Valois constrained them to seek places of refuge beyond the frontiers. The Norman archipelago, by its geographical position and its language, was providentially prepared to become one of these places of refuge. Protestantism had taken a powerful hold of Normandy, not only at Rouen, where a Huguenot was burned in 1528, and at Caen, where a friar preached the new doctrines publicly in 1531, but also in the Cotentin and the Bocage, where nobles threw open their castles to the preaching of the pure gospel. The Reformed principles must have crossed the Channel by a slow and continuous process. The partial secularization of ecclesiastical property under Henry VIII. had greatly lowered the prestige of the clergy, who shone neither by their virtues nor their learning. And the people, tired of the clerical yoke, felt that peculiar uneasiness which precedes a great crisis.

The first official mention of French Protestants in these islands goes back to the year 1548, when the Royal Court of Jersey decided, by an act preserved in the registers, to provide for the maintenance of Maistre Martin Langlois and Maistre Thomas Johanne, ministers come from France, "to preach the word of God to the people, purely and faithfully, according to the text of the gospel." The rectors of the parishes (*curés*) who, as now, sat in the States of the islands, not only took part in this resolution, but promised to contribute personally towards their salary. Some no doubt were carried away by the movement, whilst others possibly were afraid of incurring the displeasure of the Duke of Somerset, then governor of Jersey, if they did not aid the movement. The rector of St. Saviour's, who refused to renounce Popery, was deprived of his living, and the rector of Grouville, being found faulty in his ministry, was publicly admonished by the court.

In Guernsey the refugees were not at first welcomed by the local government. Several *ordonnances*, such as were designed to render their residence in the

island all but impossible, were enacted. For instance, those persons who had no regular means of existence were ordered to quit the island under pain of being publicly whipped. These severities did not, however, prevent a certain number of Huguenots from taking refuge there, and disseminating the Reformed principles. The only name amongst these gospel pioneers known to us is Denis le Vair, of the diocese of Bayeux. He had been a Romish priest: but, having embraced the new doctrines, he fled to Geneva, where he learnt bookselling, and became one of those *porteballes* or *colporteurs* who, at the risk of their lives, introduced and distributed in France the Holy Scriptures, as well as religious tracts and the writings of the Reformers. He went to the Channel Islands to sell his books, which soon found eager readers in Guernsey, and the people, desiring to be instructed, asked the colporteur to act as their minister. Le Vair yielded to their entreaties, and without laying down his bale, he travelled over the island doing the work of an evangelist.

The first period of Protestantism in these islands was purely Presbyterian. Its ministers, its devotional books, its forms of worship, as yet in embryo, all came from France and Geneva. Naturally the representatives of the English government could not see with great satisfaction the establishment of a form of worship different from that approved by the divines of Edward VI. So Sir Hugh Pawlet was sent over in the fourth year of the reign of Edward, as royal commissioner, to inquire into the state of the islands. The report he presented to the king described the inhabitants as won over to the Reformed doctrines. That was partly true. But it stated also that they were ready to accept whatever form of liturgy it should please his Majesty to order. This was going too far.

Nevertheless, the first edition of the Anglican Liturgy, or service book, as it was called, was translated into French, and sent to the young churches of the Channel Islands, together with an order of the king in council dated April 15, 1550, and thus worded:—

Wee have beene informed at good length of your conformity, as well in all other things wherein the said Sir Hugh hath had conference with you, touching his commission, as alsoe in your earnest following and imbracing his Majestie's laws and proceedinges, in the order of divine service and ministration of the sacraments; for the which we give to you, on the behalfe of his Majestie, heartilie thanks, praying you, as you have well begun and proceeded, to continue in the same; and with all due reverence, devotion, quiet obedience, and unitie among you, to observe and use the service and other orders appertaininge to the same, and to the ministration of the sacraments, set forth in the book sent you presentlye.

Doubtless, the liturgy was adopted without much reluctance by the *curés* who had become Protestant, and had been left in possession of their livings, but it is not so likely that the ministers from France and Geneva, who were accustomed to a simple form of worship, would submit to a ritual tainted, in their opinion, with Popery. Sir Hugh Pawlet himself, who now returned as governor of Jersey, soon perceived that the Reformed principles could be strengthened in the islands only by appealing to the devotedness of these men, but that in order to obtain their services, a liturgy which they were loath to accept must not be forced upon them. He determined to do away with what remained of Popery. He confiscated, for the benefit of the crown, the rents for masses, obits, luminaries, fraternities, etc.; he pulled down the statues and images adorning the interior of the churches, and even the crosses in the churchyards and on the public ways; he sold the chalices, crucifixes, censers, and other Church ornaments, as well as the bells, leaving only one bell for each church.

The Royal Court of Jersey did its best to second the governor. By an act dated March 20, 1552, Pierre Fallu was imprisoned because his wife Martha had brought her beads to church. But more powerful than all the decrees made by the court, or the iconoclastic zeal of the governor to advance the interests of the Reformation in Jersey, were the labors of the Huguenot preachers, Martin, Maret, Moulinos, Gérin, Baptiste, whose names alone have

come down to us with those already mentioned of Langlois and Johanne.

The death of Edward VI., and the accession of Mary the Catholic, suddenly brought to an end this first period of insular Protestantism. The Romish reaction swept over Great Britain like a hurricane, laying waste also the Norman archipelago in its evil course. The ministers were obliged to leave the island precipitately, and to go back to France or Geneva, where they were followed by many from amongst their flocks, whose lives were in danger in their own country. Mass was again established, and the Catholic priests, who had changed their religion to retain their livings, once more said it in Latin. A few of these men had married and now found themselves encumbered with their wives and children.

In Jersey, the reinstating of the former incumbents was not, however, all-sufficient to draw back the people to Romanism. If a part of the population did return to its old religious forms, the principal families of the island, such as De Carteret, De Soulemont, Lemprière, Gosselin, Hérault, Poingdestre, "ne voulerent jamais," says the chronicler, "assister à la messe ni aux idolâtries et superstitions des papistes, quelques menaces ou épouvantements qu'on leur seust faire." Their attachment to the Reformed faith was so earnest that in order to partake of the Lord's Supper, they did not shrink from crossing the sea and seeking some Reformed centre in Normandy — St. Lô, for instance, where an important church had been established.

The governor, Sir Hugh Pawlet, was still at his post, notwithstanding the change of sovereign and policy. Though outwardly gone back to Romanism, he still secretly favored the Reformation, and he executed the rigorous orders issued concerning the new doctrines with great moderation. Strange to say, his own brother, John Pawlet, was the Catholic dean of the island, who encouraged the Popish reaction with all his might. The Royal Court took the opportunity of showing its independence with respect to the clergy by punishing with death a priest charged with adultery and infanticide.

The dean tried in vain to protect Richard Averty (the guilty priest) from justice by pretending that he was subject to the ecclesiastical authority of the Bishop of Coutances. But his lifeless body hanging on Gallows Hill proclaimed that there were judges in Jersey who did their duty at the risk of displeasing Queen Mary.

It was different in Guernsey, where the Reformation did not advance so rapidly. The clergy and magistrates went back to Popery, and allowed themselves to be the docile instruments of Mary's persecuting policy. History has preserved a horrible account of the execution of three women, a mother and her two daughters, who became its victims. They were brought before the Ecclesiastical Court, composed of the dean and parish ministers, interrogated upon divers articles of the Catholic creed, and declared guilty of heresy by their judges, who, wishing to terrify the partisans of the Reformation, condemned them to be burned at St. Peter's Port on July 18, 1556. They were first strangled, but the rope breaking, the poor women fell into the fire before dying. One of the daughters, Perrotine Massy, the wife of a pastor who had fled to escape persecution, being in the last stage of pregnancy, gave birth to a child, who was snatched from the flames, and on the barbarous command of the bailiff cast into them again to be burnt with its mother.

The Romish writers have vainly tried to contest the particulars of that shameful tragedy. Fox's "Acts and Monuments" give us the official documents corroborating them, as well as the petitions in which the bailiff, dean, and clergy of Guernsey "prayed the Queen's Majesty's pardon," when Elizabeth ascended the throne and public opinion demanded vengeance against the perpetrators of this crime. The queen, wishing to inaugurate a pacific policy, pardoned them; but the names of Bailiff Helier Gosselin, Dean Jacques Amy, and their assessors, are forever pilloried in history.

The glorious end of another Guernsey martyr deserves mention, were it but to show how worthy were the ministers sent from France to the Channel Islands. Denis le Vair, the colporteur alluded to before, was driven out of the island by the Catholic reaction, and went back to France, intending to take refuge in Geneva. But no sooner had he landed than he was arrested whilst trying to sell his books, taken first to Bayeux, and thence to Rouen, where he was condemned as a heretic to be burnt alive. Standing in the

cart that was taking him to the place of execution, he preached to the crowd around him. But the officer in charge, exasperated at hearing him, cried to the executioner, "Cut out his tongue!" and the order was immediately obeyed. The monk who attended him endeavored to put a small wooden cross in his tight-bound hands, but he refused to take it, and turned his back upon him, on which the monk cried to the people, "See, my friends, see the villain who will not have the cross!" They then led him in front of the Church of Notre Dame, wishing, says Crespin the martyrologist, "to make the people believe that he was doing penance to their saints, but turning his face away from their idols, Le Vair proclaimed by hands and eyes, and all signs to him possible, that one God alone must be worshipped." So died this heroic evangelist of Guernsey, August 9, 1554. Thus Henry de Valois's satellites rivalled in cruelty those of the Bloody Mary.

The accession of Elizabeth in 1558 put an end to the persecution, and gave an impetus to the Reformation, alike in England and the Channel Islands.

Amongst those who had fled from Guernsey to escape persecution was Guillaume de Beauvoir, whose family is noted in the history of that island, and who himself was for nine years its bailiff. He took refuge with his wife at Geneva where he resided some time, and became well known to Calvin and his friends. When again in his native isle, after Queen Mary's death, he wrote to Calvin asking him for a pastor, and "Nicolas Baudoin, ministre," was sent to the infant church of Guernsey, with a letter of recommendation addressed to Beauvoir by Calvin himself. The Reformer wrote:—

Because we have learnt that you want our aid to obtain a man who can edify, we cannot fail to do our duty. So we send you our brother, the bearer of the present letter, who has practically shown his zeal, and has had such frequent conversation with us that we doubt not his life will be in good example. His doctrine is pure, and as far as we can judge, whoever will be content to be taught in simplicity, and will become teachable, will certainly hear his teaching with profit. We do not ask you to receive him with humanity, trusting in your good-will; but be pleased to make him feel that his labor is not in vain amongst you.

Nicolas Baudoin was worthy of Calvin's confidence. He established a church at St. Peter's Port, with elders and deacons, a consistory, and a discipline similar to

the Reformed churches on the Continent. For many years he had no other stipend than the voluntary contributions of the people, which were meagre enough; but an order in council, dated 1563, put an end to that state of things, and allowed the minister a regular income on the crown revenues of the island. Baudoin had as assistant Adrien Saravia, a refugee of Spanish descent born in France, who later became canon of Canterbury and one of the revisers of the Bible. They both met with much ill-will from the magistrates, whose sympathies were with the Romish religion, whilst the people themselves were not always well inclined towards the evangelical doctrines. Saravia in 1565 wrote to William Cecil, afterwards Lord Burleigh: "If an ecclesiastic goes into the country, he is greeted with jeers and laughter, and often has dirt thrown at him. They are worse than Turks, and the jurats connive at all this."

In Jersey, where Protestantism had taken deeper root, its revival did not encounter so great difficulties. The rulers and the people were equally eager to put away the Popish forms imposed upon them. An order of the Royal Court (May 26, 1562) commanded everybody to destroy all legends or missals that might be in their houses.

About 1563 a minister of Anjou, Guillaume Morise, *seigneur de la Ripaudière*, was called upon by the authorities to organize the Reformed Church in Jersey. That was a grand day when, in the old parish church of St. Heliers, cleared of its Popish ornaments, Pastor Morise "administered the Lord's Supper according to the pure Gospel." Lieutenant Amyas Pawlet, son and assistant of the governor, partook of it, as well as Helier de Carteret, seigneur of St. Ouen's, and most of the gentry in the island. With the consent of the States, La Ripaudière appointed elders and deacons to constitute the consistory of the Reformed Church of St. Heliers, and to take care that a good discipline should be exercised.

But now came the question, would Queen Elizabeth, so jealous of her prerogatives in religious matters, be inclined to sanction this essay of nonconformity in a country within her realm? It might be feared she would consider it as an attempt at schism, or even a dangerous intrusion of Frenchmen and French ideas in a cluster of islands which, from their geographical position, had long been coveted by France. So it was decided that Helier

de Carteret should be sent as deputy to the queen in council to state the case and ask the favor of royal sanction.

Admitted to the queen's audience, De Carteret told how the isles had, from time immemorial, been ecclesiastically bound to the diocese of Coutances, where the evangelical doctrines had now so widely spread that many important Reformed churches had been established; in particular that of St. Lô. He said that "many learned ministers of good doctrine and pure life, and holy conversation, seeing that the superstitions, idolatries, and other abuses, were altogether rejected and abolished in the said islands, had taken refuge there in order to preach the gospel in its purity." He went on to say how great a help these French ministers had been to the little flock who had no pastors amongst their compatriots, and who could neither get instructed nor edified by men unable to preach the gospel in their own idiom. He pointed out clearly that if these ministers were not allowed to preach and administer the sacraments, and read the common prayers, as in the Reformed Church, they would go back; and it would be to the islanders, continues the chronicler, "a great disturbance and drawback in their working for the glory of God and the salvation of poor souls."

The queen, convinced by the arguments of Helier de Carteret, ordered her council to write letters granting his request. The following letter respecting Jersey was addressed to the bailiff and jurats of that island:—

Whereas the Queen's most excellent Majesty understandeth that the Isles of *Jersey* and *Guernsey* have anciently depended on the Diocese of Coutances, and that there be certain Churches in the same Diocese well reformed, agreeably throughout in doctrine as it is set forth in this Realm: Knowing therewith that you have a Minister who ever since his arrival in Jersey, hath used the like order of Preaching and Administration as in the said Reformed Churches, or as it is used in the French Church at London: Her Majesty, for diverse respects and considerations moving Her Highness, is well pleased to admit the same Order of Preaching and Administration to be continued at St. Heliers as hath been hitherto accustomed by the said Minister. Provided always, that the Residue of the Parishes in the said Isle, shall diligently put apart all Superstitions used in the said Diocese, and so continue there the Order of Service ordained and set forth within this Realm, with the Injunctions necessary for that purpose; wherein you may not faile diligently to give your aide and

assistance, as best may serve for the advancement of God's glory. And so fare you well.

From Richmond, the 7th day August, anno 1565.

N. BACON.	WILL. NORTHAMP.
R. LECESTER.	CUL. CLYNTON.
R. ROGERS.	FR. KNOLS.
WILLIAM CECIL.	

It seems likely enough that the negotiator of the treaty made mention only of the churches of St. Heliers and St. Peter's Port, fearing perhaps to ask too much, or more probably because those were the only two churches as yet completely organized. This supposition explains the restriction of the queen's letter respecting the country churches. This restriction became of necessity a dead letter, and the insular churches, founded as they were by Reformed pastors, were necessarily after the Reformed model. The governors of the two islands, Sir Amyas Pawlet and Sir Thomas Leighton, supported the scheme with all their strength, not for the sake of popularity, or out of a mean view of self-interest in the suppression of the deaneries, as insinuates Falle the historian, but simply because, as politicians, they saw nothing better to protect the interests of the Reformation. The Presbyterian organization was ere long perfectly established. Each parish soon had its pastors, elders, and deacons, and each island its "colloquy," comprising ministers and elders, delegated by the different churches. The synod was the supreme body of the church, composed of ministers and laymen belonging to both "colloquies." It generally met once in two years in Jersey and Guernsey alternately. The first synod was held in Guernsey on the 28th of June, 1564, Dean John After being a member of it, but neither presiding nor having any more power or authority than the rest of the assembly. At the second synod, held in 1567, some of the members were deputed to attend the Bishop of Winchester. In the synod held on September 12, 1569, they ordered that the articles of that and former synods concerning church government should be drawn up in form, and presented to the bishop. This attempt to combine episcopacy and Presbyterianism was inspired by a thought of conciliation, but the intrinsic logic of facts made it a failure. No mention is found of either bishop or dean in the ecclesiastical discipline issued in 1576, and revised in 1579. Jersey did not seek a successor to John Pawlet, the last Catholic dean, nor Guernsey to John After, the first Protestant dean.

The discipline was in principle similar to that of the Reformed churches of France. The ecclesiastical offices instituted therein were as follows: the pastors and doctors, whose "office was teaching;" the elders, who "watched over the behaviour of Christ's fold;" the deacons, who "held and disposed of church property and charities." The church officers were "chosen by the ministers and elders, then presented to the governor or his lieutenant, after whose approbation their names were called before the people," and, if no opposition was raised, they were to enter upon their duties a fortnight afterwards.

Candidates for the ministry were, "if possible, to prove their knowledge of Greek and Hebrew." They were also to undergo a theological examination by the ministers, and explain the Scriptures in their presence. If the examination was judged satisfactory, they were sent to the Churches which were in need of them, "to preach the word of God three or four times, and that bare-headed." In case of approval, and of a calling to some church, another minister was deputed by the "colloquy" to instal and ordain them. With regard to "ministers sent to these isles, or having taken refuge there, who brought good witness from the places whence they came," they might be employed by churches wanting them, and they then received the hand of fellowship.

If ministers who were refugees wished to return to France, they were "to go only six months after asking leave, in order that the church be not without a pastor." It was the duty of a minister to visit "all the families of his flock at least once a year."

The office of an elder was not a sinecure. The Jersey colloquy decided, in 1590, that he must visit the families, particularly before communion services, "to inquire if they behave Christianly, say prayers morning and evening, read the Scriptures, especially on Sundays between *les prêches* and after, and abstain from oaths, profane songs, and the scandalous observance of Popish feasts.

The Lord's Supper was administered four times in the year, "the people sitting, which is most conformable to the primitive institution; or standing, according to the custom of some churches, the men coming first and the women afterwards." To obtain admission, it was necessary "to be catechized by the minister, to know the Lord's Prayer, the Articles of Faith, and the Ten Commandments, at

least in substance, and to renounce the pope, mass, and all idolatry and superstition." The consistory in all cases had the right to interdict the Lord's Supper to whoever did not conduct themselves in consistency with the gospel; but the synod alone could pronounce excommunication, which separated a man from the body of the church, and sometimes even deprived him of public worship.

During prayers every one knelt, his head being uncovered. They also remained uncovered while the psalms were sung, the sacraments administered, and the text read by the minister. There were two services on the Sunday, and one or two on week-days. The churches were opened only for the hour of worship, "to prevent all superstition," and were never to be used for profane purposes. The discipline prescribed that "the magistrate be requested that no civil jurisdiction be held within their walls." The synod, in agreement with the civil authorities, ordered the days of fasting or of thanksgiving, as the case might require.

This discipline was not a dead letter. The acts of the colloquies and consistories, which have been preserved, show that these assemblies were regular courts of morals, before which persons who behaved badly were brought and judged. Here are some instances. The consistory of the rural parish of Saint Andrew, Guernsey, bring before this court a man and a woman who quarrelled coming out of church. They are exhorted to be reconciled and to forgive one another, which they do, promising not to begin again. On another occasion, the accused will not repent, and forgets herself so far as to abuse the members of the consistory. She is then expelled from the Lord's Supper (*retranchée de la cène*) for that quarter, until she shows some signs of repentance.

Besides quarrels and insults, which were the most frequent offences, the consistories had also to deal with Sabbath-breakers, gamblers, blasphemers, people who were suspected of witchcraft, those who kept away from preaching and sacrament, or who "ran from parish to parish on Sundays," etc. Judging by the long list of disciplinary acts furnished by the register of St. Andrew's, it might seem that the level of piety was there very low, but on examination we find the names of the same offenders appearing constantly, and we discover that for the most part the subjects of complaint are not momentous. Moreover, it must be remembered that in those times the civil and the

religious parish were not distinct, and that all the inhabitants, good and bad, were within the jurisdiction of religious authority.

Conflicts between the religious and civil authority were almost inevitable at a period when the limit between them was not clearly settled, and when governors and magistrates were generally members of the synods, colloquies, and consistories. The synod of 1567 encroached on the rights of the secular justice by enacting corporeal punishment for certain crimes; but the following one, better advised, decided that all crimes should first be judged by the civil magistrate, after which the church too might apply a chastisement. It was also implied that consistories might not, in any case, impose pecuniary penalties.

The civil power, too, exercised jurisdiction over religious affairs. The courts in both islands issued a number of rules relating to church affairs. Popery was rigorously prohibited. In 1566, the court of Jersey sent Guillaume Fautrast to prison at the Castle for having attended mass in Normandy, and for having brought to Jersey "un livre papistique et de l'eau bénite." The next year "all persons who were found *en pèlerinage* were to be fined sixty sols." Two years later, one Richard Girard was flogged through the town of St. Peter's Port, Guernsey, for upholding mass. By an ordinance dated January 22, 1593, all strangers were ordered to profess the established religion within a given period, or quit the island.

Attendance at public worship was obligatory. The Guernsey court condemned to the cage for three hours "those who were about the streets, on the beach, or in a tavern during preaching on Sundays." In 1576 several persons in Jersey were imprisoned in the Castle for not having been at sacrament, and it was further ordered that they should not be liberated till they could repeat the Commandments and the Lord's Prayer, and soon after the court ordered that all persons not having communicated within a year and a day should be fined.

At the end of the sixteenth century, the Reformed churches in the Channel Islands were easily supplied with pastors from among the refugees who fled from France before persecution, massacres, and civil wars. The "*Chronique de Jersey*" gives a list of forty-two ministers and several nobles who took up their abode in Jersey in those troublous times. But from

the beginning of the seventeenth century, the source from whence the insular churches drew their pastors became exhausted. Under the *régime* of the Edict of Nantes, ministers were not forced to flee from France; the refugees returned to their country, and now the vacant churches had the greatest difficulty to find ministers. In 1606 they were reduced to calling an Englishman to the parish of the Câtel; only £13 being granted him as salary until he was able to preach in French. He evidently made little progress, for in 1609 his parishioners would not keep him because they did not understand him. In consequence of this deficiency in the supply of pastors, the colloquies encouraged "callings" amongst the natives. In Guernsey it was decided that the incomes of vacant churches should be employed for the maintenance of students, many of whom went over to study in France, especially at Saumur.

The churches of the Channel Islands were not always at peace with each other. Jersey had admitted into its pastoral body some ministers who had been censured by the Guernsey colloquy. This gave rise to much lengthy correspondence and to bitter feeling. Cartwright and Snape, two heads of English Calvinism, who were chaplains to the governors of Jersey and Guernsey, interposed in order to settle the question and reconcile the parties.

The accession of James I. to the English throne did not at first appear to affect the insular churches. Their privileges were confirmed by a formal act of the king, wherein it was stated that, having learned that the isles of Jersey and Guernsey, "parcel of our Dutchy of Normandy, had adopted the same ecclesiastical government as the Reformed Churches of the said Dutchy, he ordained that they should quietly enjoy their liberty in the use of the ecclesiastical discipline there now established." This act was heartily welcomed by the friends of Presbyterianism, who were the immense majority of the population. The States of Jersey resolved that the royal ordinance should be published on the following Saturday, "that every person might give it obedience." The ministers were desired to transcribe it on the parish registers, and to read it from the pulpit.

The royal ordinance was not entirely spontaneous. It was the answer to a petition the Reformed party had drawn up and presented to the new king, demanding the confirmation of their privileges. James, to whom good words cost little,

promised what they asked for, but was certain to take the first favorable opportunity of bringing into the pale of the Church of England those who had not yet adhered to it. If he had too precipitately done away with Presbyterianism in the Channel Islands, his Scotch subjects would have been alarmed; so he temporized in the interest of his policy.

From the first days of the Reformation Jersey had always had as governors members of the Pawlet family, all firm Presbyterians. In 1600 they were succeeded by the brilliant and unfortunate Sir Walter Raleigh, who was beheaded three years later for upholding the rights of Arabella Stuart to the crown. Sir John Peyton next filled the place, and no sooner did he enter on his office than he announced his intention of keeping under his rule all the affairs of the Church as well as of the State, and of exercising all the rights which he considered as appertaining to his administration. Neal, the Puritan historian, asserts that Peyton had "secret instructions to root out the Geneva discipline and plant the English liturgy and ceremonies." However that may be, he acted as if he had such instructions.

By his patent, the governor had all the benefices in the island. The Presbyterian discipline, although admitting his right of nominating ministers, practically reduced it to naught by reserving their presentation and ordination to the colloquy. This was the point upon which the governor and colloquy came into conflict. The latter, in 1604, called Pastor Cosmes Brevin, of Sark, to preside over the parish of St. John's. The governor, in the name of his prerogative, protested strongly against this nomination, which, however, was maintained. He presented a memorial to the crown, praying "for the avoydinge a presbyterial or popular jurisdiction in the Church as for the maintayninge of his Majesty's royal power and prerogative." In consequence of this complaint, commissioners were sent over from England to inquire into the state of things. But their presence only exasperated the disputes between the Presbyterians and the growing party favorable to the Church of England. That party chiefly consisted, first, of those who courted the governor and the king; secondly, of those who complained of the rigors of the discipline; and, thirdly, of those who were vexed at the perpetual meddling of the ministers in civil matters. A number of magistrates were inclined to a change.

The living of St. Peter's becoming vacant in 1613, Sir John Peyton, without taking any advice, appointed Elias Messervy, a Jersey man, who had been episcopally ordained, and was determined not to subscribe to the Calvinistic discipline. The elders of that church, on their side, would not have him as their pastor, "if he did not submit as the others to the maintenance of peace and the union of the churches." The colloquy humbly requested that the case be referred to the next synod; but Sir John was immovable, and demanded obedience. The colloquy, not daring to resist further, yielded.

Their weakness naturally gave fresh courage to their adversaries, who resolved to give the decisive blow. They sent another complaint to the king in council, in which it was stated that the inhabitants generally were discontented with the discipline of their Church, and preferred the Anglican form. Both parties were summoned to appear at court. Messervy, the incumbent of St. Peter's, and Marrett, the attorney-general, were deputed by the Anglican party, and David Bandinel, Thomas Olivier, Nicholas Essart, and Samuel de la Place, ministers, by the Presbyterians. De la Place was seduced by the hope of becoming first dean of the new Church, and betrayed the cause he had promised to serve. The other three defended the rights of their party as best they could. But the debate was purely formal. The commissioners, one of whom was Abbot the Archbishop of Canterbury, were all Churchmen who had determined beforehand to Anglicanize the Jersey Calvinists. The archbishop declared to the deputies, "that for the restoration of peace and good order in the island, his Majesty found it necessary in the first place to revive the office of dean, and would appoint to it one from among themselves, who should have instructions given to him by way of interim for his and their present conduct, till things could be more perfectly settled. That to attain to such a settlement they were to go back to their respective charges, and confer with their brethren in the island about compiling a new body of canons and constitutions, as near in conformity to the Church of England as their laws and usages (from which his Majesty had no intention to derogate) would bear. That the liturgy which had formerly been translated into French for their use, should again be sent to them, yet without tying them to a strict observance of everything therein, his Majesty having so good an opinion of their judg-

ment that he doubted not but the more they grew acquainted with the book the better they would like it."

The deputies of the colloquy returned to Jersey, and had not much difficulty in persuading themselves and others that they must yield. An order of James I., dated June 14, 1618, charged the States (the political power) to nominate "three of the most grave and learned ministers there, out of which his Majesty may please to choose one for a dean." On the recommendation of the governor and Archbishop of Canterbury, David Bandinel, one of those who were deputed to support the polity and discipline of Presbyterianism, was appointed. He was an Italian by birth and of noble extraction.

He was [says Le Quesne] a man of great ability, and took an important part in the affairs of the island; but his sudden change from Presbyterianism to Episcopacy does not denote consistency or principle; and his hostility to Sir Philip de Carteret, tinctured with the spirit of Italian revenge and cruelty, without a grain of generosity or Christian feeling, led him to espouse the cause of the Parliament against the Crown. His life was a very chequered one: he had to endure most severe trials, misfortunes, and calamities, and he died miserably, without the solace or consolation which a friend affords.*

Olivier, another of the Presbyterian deputies, was appointed sub-dean. As regards De la Place, disappointed at not receiving the promised deanery, he retired to Guernsey, where he became a determined supporter of Presbyterianism. The other ministers seem to have been won over with little trouble. They became Anglican clergymen; not one gave in his resignation.

The canons prepared by the ministers were submitted to the governor, bailiff, and jurats, but did not meet with their approval. They deputed three jurats to urge their objections before the lords of the council. The Archbishop of Canterbury, with the Bishops of Lincoln and Winchester, were commissioned to examine into the matter, and they so modified the project as to render it acceptable to both parties. The canons were confirmed and approved by King James I. on June 30, 1623, and have to this day continued to be the ecclesiastical law of Jersey.

Presbyterianism continued in Guernsey forty years longer than in Jersey. The chief cause of this was that the governors of that island were opposed to the change

* Le Quesne, *Constitutional History of Jersey*, p. 171.

on political grounds. One of them, the Earl of Danby, sent Charles I. a memorial explaining the reasons for not modifying the discipline. It ended in these words:—

I presume to add that the time itself is no way meet for this alteration, in respect of the troubles in Jersey, under the new dean, which will make those of Guernsey the more averse.

Lastly, there being many old ministers in Guernsey, if they die, we shall not know from whence to supply them with others, for out of France they will not come to us, and here we can find few or none.*

The intensity of Presbyterian feeling in Guernsey was so great that the people embraced the cause of the Parliament against the king. The islands, being dependencies of the English crown, though not under the jurisdiction of Parliament, had no political interest in the triumph of the latter. Their attitude brought upon the people great calamities; their commerce was ruined, and their ships were taken by Jersey pirates.

It was Charles II. who, by the Act of Uniformity, put an end to all resistance in Guernsey. The unpublished correspondence of the first dean of the island allows us briefly to relate here the circumstances of this crisis. This man, John de Saumarez, rector of St. Martin's, belonged to one of the high families of the island, and was cousin to the bailiff. He was an ardent royalist, and at the Restoration, without waiting the Act of Uniformity, he introduced the Liturgy in his parish, notwithstanding the opposition of his parishioners. His zeal was rewarded. An order from the king, dated July 15, 1662, and addressed to Lord Hatton, the governor, required that the Act of Uniformity should be enforced in Guernsey, and appointed John de Saumarez dean of that island and its dependencies, "from the good report," says the document, "we have had both of his sufficiency and abilities to discharge that office, and of his fidelity to us, and approved inclination to our church government." The royal order Saumarez brought from London with his nomination was received by the inhabitants of Guernsey with divided feelings. The court readily enrolled the king's letter; but the pastors followed the example of the two thousand ministers in England, and gave in their resignation. As for the people generally, they showed little favor to the alteration. They protested energetically against the sign of the cross in

baptism, which was for a time omitted because they left off having their children baptized. The dean could not be seen in certain parts of the country without being insulted, and the churches in which he preached were almost empty. At the Vale there were only two communicants, and he wrote that "there were not ten persons in that parish who were conformed." When elections for constables and *vingteniers* took place, candidates most zealously opposed to the new views were elected. Religious conventicles were opened in several places, and presided over by ministers who had resigned, laymen, or even women; and they were yet held twenty years after the Restoration. On August 30, 1681, the dean, writing to the bailiff, said: "You do well to suppress conventicles; that will prevent complaints being made against our island."

The man in whom opposition to Anglicanism was personified was Thomas Le Marchant, the minister of St. Sampson and the Vale, a distinguished scholar, who wrote a remarkable work on Norman laws and customs. "This excellent man," says Tupper, "who was greatly in advance of his age, after taking his degrees at Cambridge, passed some years at the academy of Caen, where he enjoyed the friendship of the learned Bochart and Huet, who corresponded with him on his return to Guernsey." He was one of the first to resign his benefice. Around him gathered all those who preferred the austerity of Calvinistic worship to Anglicanism, and the government of an elected assembly to that of a man alone. He engaged in a very unequal conflict with Saumarez, who had the political power on his side. Le Marchant was obliged to find security for one thousand *écus* for good behavior. Nor did his trials end there. We find by the correspondence of the dean that he not only imprisoned him in Cornet Castle, but later obtained of the governor his incarceration in the Tower of London, which he quitted only in 1667, "on his entering into recognizance of £1,000 that he shall not at any time presume to go to the island of Guernsey."

To make the people submit to the royal order, the Guernsey court, at the instigation of the dean, issued a decree which obliged every person exercising an office, whether civil or military, to partake of the Lord's Supper according to the form of the Church of England. This of course was but following out the legislation and policy of the English king and Parliament. King Charles II. personally interposed

* Tupper, History of Guernsey, p. 226.

by addressing letters to the Court encouraging them to complete the work begun "for the suppression of all such stubborn opposers of conformity and true religion."

The dean, John de Saumarez, died in 1699, at Windsor, where he held a canonry. His epitaph says of him: "*Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ cultor sincerus et in prædicta insula (Guernsey) instaurator.*" But it is wisely silent about the nature of the means employed by him to restore episcopacy in his country. At his death the contest was not yet at an end. "As recently as 1755," says Duncan, "the dean was obliged to have recourse to the civil power to enforce the reading of the Litany, and to this day the surplice is not used in the parish churches, although it has been introduced of late years into some of the chapels of ease."* Since 1841, when Duncan wrote, the surplice has been generally adopted.

If by degrees the remaining vestiges of Presbyterianism tend to disappear, something of the Presbyterian spirit survives in both islands. Is it not, indeed, probable, that to such a feeling is due the great success of Methodism, which, appearing a century back, has drawn within its orbit nearly one-half of the population?

* History of Guernsey, p. 350.

From Tinsley's Magazine.

JOHNNIE'S DIARY—FROM LONDON TO NEW YORK.

Ship Entropa.

MY DEAR MAMMA, —

As you told me to be sure and write to you and tell you all that happened every day, I think I had better begin at once.

After we left you all standing at the gate, and drove away, I felt rather low, and put my hand in my pocket to get out my handkerchief, because I felt like crying; however, I did not, because I came across a brandy ball, which was sticking to the inside of my pocket, in one of the corners, and after I had eaten that I felt cheered up considerably, and can now quite understand people taking to drink when they are very unhappy.

Papa was very silent till we reached the railway station, when he seemed to brighten up a bit. He took me into the refreshment room and bought me some cakes; there was a very pretty lady there, and pa and she seemed to know each other very well. I don't think her manners were very good, because she did not

ask after you, and as I know that is the proper thing to do, I waited till she had left off laughing for a moment, and said:

"Mamma is pretty well in health, thank you, but rather distressed, of course, about papa going away."

Papa got rather red, and the young lady leaned over the counter and said, "Gracious! who is that?"

I don't think she addressed me, but I answered that my name was Johnnie Campbell, and that papa was my papa.

She looked surprised, and did not speak for a moment, then she laughed very loudly, and called papa "a base deceiver." Pa laughed, too, but he looked like I feel when you find out that I have not been to school when I say I have; he shook hands with the young lady before we left the refreshment room, and said something to her very softly. I edged up closely to him under pretence of wanting to pick some plums out of a bath bun, and tried to hear what he said, because I thought it might interest you, dear mamma, but I could not. I daresay it was only some message which papa sent by the pretty young lady, and you will have had it by this time.

On the platform I got dreadfully knocked about, and had to be quite angry with a porter, who ran a truck full of boxes into me, and hurt me very much; however, he apologized, and said, "I hope you are not hurt, captain?" So I let it pass. He must have known that I was going on a ship by calling me "captain." I wonder how he found out.

In the train were only two other people besides ourselves — at least, I mean in our carriage — one was an old man, and the other a lady, and we had a window each. I looked out of mine for some time, but did not think much of the scenery; then I thought I would go over to the other window where the lady and old man sat, and see what it was like there. I went very carefully, because the old man was asleep, and though he was making dreadful snoring noises, something like hogs make, I did not want to awaken him; however, just as I reached him, the train gave a jump, and I fell upon his feet. I am sorry to say that he swore very badly, and called me several profane names. Pa was also angry, which I thought unreasonable; but the lady took my part, and let me sit upon her lap. I could not well reprove the old man for his temper, so I talked "at him," like you do sometimes at papa.

I told the lady that I was going for a trip to America with my papa, but that I thought it would have been better had I

stayed at home, if I was to hear many such words as those which had just been addressed to me. I said that old men ought to think, before they speak, of the influence their example will have on the rising generation, and a lot more like that. The lady laughed, but I think I made the old man pretty mad. Papa told me to "shut up," which was rude, and began talking to the lady himself. They got very good friends, and I was rather neglected. The lady said she was going to America, too, and by our ship, so I dare say I will be able to tell you more about her. Papa said he was very glad, and they seemed to find plenty to talk about. The lady's name is Miss Josephine Melton, but her friends always call her "Jo." It reminded me of the song, "My name is Joseph Buxton, my friends all call me Jo," and I hummed the tune, but she did not seem to notice; in fact, dear mamma, until the end of the journey I was left quite to myself, and nothing particular happened till we reached Liverpool.

Liverpool, as I have learned in my geography, is a handsome town, situated on the west coast of England, and greatly surpasses London in the extent of its foreign trade, especially with America and Ireland. The Mersey Docks are, perhaps, the largest in England, extending some miles down the river, and the public buildings are very fine. As we drove from the railway station, I looked out of the window to see if I could see any of the fine buildings, but I could not, and, unfortunately, the door of the cab came open as I was leaning against it, and I fell out. I was not hurt much, but the lady, who came in the cab with us, was greatly frightened, and fainted into papa's arms. He was very kind to her, and glared at me awfully, which was unnatural, considering what a narrow escape I had had; but I am fast coming to the conclusion that papa does not care much for his own flesh and blood when there are any nice girls about; but don't let this worry you, dear mamma; I may be wrong. I think Miss Jo rather liked papa's arm round her, because she let him keep it there until we reached the docks, and she smiled at him and said she hoped he did not think her very childish and silly. Papa said it was very natural she should be frightened, and I deserved to be whipped. I thought this rather hard, and so I asked Miss Jo how she managed about fainting when there were no men near to catch her. She turned very red, and papa said if I did not mind my p's and q's he would

send me home. So I remained silent and listened to their conversation, while pretending to look at the houses and shops. I am afraid papa is a "sad dog." I will say no more, because I do not wish to make you uneasy.

I was glad when we reached the ship, and we went on board at once, as it was almost time to start. All was in a commotion, and I got rather hustled about, as, of course, I wished to see what was going on. There was a little scene on the ship just before we started. A woman came on board with three children, and told the captain that her husband had taken his passage on our ship, and was trying to run away from her. She found his boxes, and sat upon them with the children and would not move; the ship was searched, and at last they found the husband hiding in the place where they keep the coals, and delivered him up to his wife. I never saw a man look so wretched in my life; his face was perfectly livid, and his eyes looked like the eyes of a rabbit I once saved from some dogs. His wife seemed awfully pleased to get him, and cried and hung on to him like anything; so did the children. But he did not speak, though she kept saying, "Oh, Charlie, how could you leave me!" And they all went away together, and his boxes were put off the ship. I think I must have a tender heart, for this scene made me rather sad, but a sponge cake comforted me.

The scene when we started was most exciting. All the people on shore cheered as though they were glad to get rid of us, and all the people on board cheered as though they were glad to go; yet some of those who said "hurrah" the loudest had tears in their eyes. One young fellow, I noticed, who was going with us, had an elderly man and two girls to see him off, and I could not help getting near to them, and listening to what they said, because they were laughing so, and seemed cheerful, though their faces were pale; the girls were teasing him about being seasick, and telling him to mind and make his fortune quickly, and he said he would, and laughed a great deal. All at once he said he thought he had better go and look after his boxes, and went away for a few moments; when he came back there was more laughing and more teasing from the girls, who seemed to get whiter and whiter as they grew merrier and merrier. I heard him send his best love to his mother, and then he thought he had better go and see after his boxes again. He did this so many times, always coming back in higher spir-

its, that I thought they might be worth seeing; so the seventh time he rushed off I followed him. Would you believe it, dear mamma, there were no boxes at all; he just got behind a high part of the ship and took out his handkerchief, and wiped his eyes, then pulled himself together, and went back smiling; but I think, perhaps, the girls knew why he went away. When the ship really started, after he had kissed them over and over again, he waved and cheered till they were out of sight; then he unstrapped a queer-looking parcel, which he had held in his hand all the time, and took out a banjo and tuned it, putting his hand across his eyes two or three times; when he got it right, he played half a tune, then he let the banjo fall, and laid his head down upon his hands, and I crept away. I shall be kind to him if I get a chance.

I do wish, dear mamma, that you could see the Mersey Docks. My geography was quite right. They are very fine, and I was much interested in looking at the ships as we passed. There were so many masts that one side of the river looked like a dead forest. We passed the City of Rome (the ship, not the place where the pope lives, that being in Italy). It is very large. I walked about the ship a good deal, and made friends with the people. They seem to find me entertaining; they thought the lady who came down in the train with us was my mamma, as she and papa sat together, and had a railway rug between them. Of course, I corrected the mistake, and they were much amused at two or three things I told them. I seem quite popular already, and I think you would feel proud of the impression your son has made. Papa does not look after me at all, but I am appreciated elsewhere, so do not fear that your Johnnie will be lonely.

There is a young child of about six on board who has been making advances towards me, but I have not reciprocated as yet. She is rather pretty, but I do not wish to be drawn into a flirtation unless I am very hard up for amusement. Will you tell Violet Grey this? Also, that I am still wearing the tablet sweet she gave me, with "Take My Love" written upon it, next my heart, though it is getting sticky, and is rather uncomfortable. I am afraid it will have melted before I come home.

Dear mamma, I think this must do for to-day, as we are going to have tea now. To-morrow I intend going over the emigrants' portion of the ship, and will tell

you all about it. This has taken me some time to write, as I have had to look in the dictionary a great deal; and now I think I had better go and look after papa. This is a diary, and not a letter, so I shall not put your loving son, Johnnie.

Ship Europa, on the wide Ocean.

DEAR MAMMA, —

You will be sorry to hear that I passed a very bad night; in fact, did not sleep a wink. The ship behaved in a most ridiculous manner, and several times I thought we were going to the bottom, and that you would never see your Johnnie again. I rolled out of my berth five times, and received many injuries, which I bear without complaint.

I do not know whether papa caught cold sitting on deck with Miss Jo until eleven last night, but he coughed a great deal during the night, and a man kept bringing him basins. I suppose it was gruel, but I could not see very well as I sleep above him, and each time I tried to look I fell out. He seemed to take a great deal, and kept the man employed all night. He was too unwell to rise this morning, so I went to breakfast without him. I told them about papa's cough, and they laughed, the captain especially. He says it is quite a usual thing for people to be taken like that. Miss Jo was not down to breakfast nor a great many others. One of the gentlemen said he expected they had all got coughs, and then every one laughed. I failed to see the joke, and finished my breakfast in silence.

Except among the emigrants, I have seen no seasickness, and feel quite well myself, and my appetite is very good. I ate two rashers of bacon, one egg, two sardines, and some bread and jam for my breakfast, so do not be anxious about my health, dear mamma. People behave very strangely at table here. Two gentlemen suddenly threw down their knives and forks and rushed out of the cabin without a word. The captain did not seem surprised, but said they had remembered that they had letters to write, and were afraid of missing the post at Belfast, where we touch. I still think they might have gone more quietly. None of the ladies came to breakfast, nor did I see them on deck when I went there.

I must tell you, dear mamma, that I have great difficulty in controlling my limbs, especially my legs, and I crawl about the deck a good deal, as I find it safer than walking. The way the ship rolls about is most extraordinary, and I

cannot think why she does not shoot right across from one wave to another instead of going up and down each; it would take less time and suit me better. There is an American gentleman on board who has taken a great fancy to me. He gave me a cigar to-day, which I smoked, to the admiration of all, and when I had finished it, he said I was the tarnationest little cuss he had ever come across, and worthy of having been raised in the States. I think he meant it as a compliment.

It would make you sad, I think, to see the steerage passengers. It did me when I went among them this morning. They seem very uncomfortable and mostly dreadfully ill; some of the men were carrying the women who were too ill to walk on deck so as to get the air and sunshine. I was surprised to see the fellow who had the banjo among them, as I am sure he is a gentleman. He was sitting on the deck with a ring of children round him, playing the banjo and singing to them. Directly he left off they all cried, and directly he went on again they were good. Twice he rushed to the side of the ship and was very ill, but he came back laughing and went on singing to the dirty children. I asked him if I could do anything to help, and he looked surprised.

"You are a first-class passenger, are you not?" he said. I said, "Yes," and do you know, dear mamma, I felt rather ashamed that so much money should have been paid for me and that I should be made so comfortable, when all these poor people had even to prepare their own food before they could eat it, and some of them so ill that they could not move. "Perhaps your people would not like you to come here," he said, but I told him that I was sure that you would not mind, and that papa's cough had kept him in bed.

He thought a moment, and then asked me if I thought I could hold a little baby. I said "Yes," so he got up, pitched down the cabin stairs, and returned with a tiny baby and a bottle. He told me how to hold the child, and said I must not let it have the milk too fast. Then, as all the other children were crying, he began to sing again. He had a beautiful voice, and I wondered what all the poor children would do without him. He said that the mother of the child I held was so ill she could not lift her head, and he was afraid the journey would be too much for her. He spoke so nicely, mamma, and I wish I were a big boy so

that I might have him for my friend, but I am afraid he would not care for a little chap like me.

Will you tell Violet Grey that I am still true to her, in spite of the allurements of another charmer, who does her best to captivate me. She is certainly pretty, and I am obliged to be polite to her; but I refused to kiss her to-day, though she asked me, which I thought forward. She seemed surprised at my refusal, and cried, but, as I told her father, "It is better she should suffer a little now than more greatly later on." And he quite agreed with me.

The sea is very beautiful, and I love watching it. We see a good many large birds flying about, and they seem to rest upon the water when tired. You will be sorry to hear that I have had another accident, and your Johnnie has nearly lost his life by drowning. This is how it happened: I was looking over the side of the ship, and I noticed a little edge running round the outside, and I thought what daring fun it would be to try and walk upon it, so I climbed over, and was having a good time, when some one saw me and yelled out—people really should be more careful. I was so startled that I left go my hold and fell into the sea, and went right under. I don't remember much more, except that I thought of Jonah, and wondered what a whale's inside would be like. They tell me that the banjo fellow jumped in and held me up until they threw a rope or something. I have thanked him as well as I could, but I feel that I cannot do so as you would for saving your Johnnie's life. The captain says that papa ought to have me whipped, which is unkind, I think, considering what a great danger I have escaped; but some people have no feeling for others, and it matters not to him that even now I might be a cold, lifeless corpse, instead of your playful son. However, cold words and withering looks have very little effect upon me, and I feel none the worse for my bath, having changed my clothes and partaken of a slight luncheon since.

I hope there is nothing in to-day's diary to worry you, dear mamma. I try particularly only to tell you interesting things. Papa's cough is still bad, and he has not left his cabin, but I hope he will be better by to-morrow. If I were writing a letter I should like to send my love to all, especially to Violet and you, and sign myself

Yours, rescued from a watery grave,
JOHNNIE.

Ship Europa,
On the bounding sea.

MY DEAR MAMMA, —

You will be sorry to hear that you will never see the whole of your Johnnie again. A portion of me has been committed to the deep, but do not let this distress you. I rather like the idea, and am the envy of all the boys on deck. I trust, though, that the adoration which I receive as the hero of a miraculous escape has not made me vain or conceited, and Violet may still rely upon my fidelity. I will tell you how it happened: I was looking at the machinery of the ship, and I thought what fun it would be to stick something in one of the big wheels and see what became of it, so I got hold of a big piece of wood, which had a long rope attached to it, and dangled it into a wheel which was going round at an awful rate. I never knew anything like it. In a moment the rope was running through my hands so fast that it took all the skin off, and at last I was jerked over into the machinery. Fortunately the engines were stopped before I had received any mortal injuries, the engineer having found that there was something wrong directly I had dangled the wood. However, I lost the third part of the second finger of my left hand, and we have buried it in the sea. I believe I behaved well, and suffered the pain with great fortitude, though I received no sympathy, the captain remarking that I was evidently born to be hanged. I think I shall give up experimenting, as I get nothing but blame.

Papa came on deck this afternoon for the first time, so did Miss Jo, and they sat together and talked for a good while, and I quite hoped that papa was better, but suddenly he leapt up from his seat and rushed towards the steps which lead to the cabins. I followed, of course, but he had locked the door, and would not open it, though I knocked a good bit. I do not wish to frighten you, dear mamma, but I listened, and feel sure that papa has the whooping cough, and very badly, too.

I have a smoke with the American gentleman every day now, and am learning some first-rate swears. He thinks no end of his country, and is always poking fun at England for being so small. He says he wonders we are not afraid to go to bed for fear our houses should blow over the edge during the night. I am thinking of something smart to say back.

At Belfast some of the people went on shore for a little while, I among the number. Papa seemed still so unwell that

I thought it a pity to disturb him to get permission, so went without. I had a very good time wandering about the town, which is quite clean, and altogether different from what Ireland, according to books, ought to be. I saw no pigs in the streets, and the men do not carry shillalahs, neither are the women dressed in short green skirts, and the old ladies do not smoke pipes. It will interest you, I am sure, dear mamma, to know this, and show you what travelling does for one. Your Johnnie's mind is decidedly getting enlarged.

As I walked along a street I noticed that the street door of one house was open, so I thought I had better go in and see if I had also been misinformed about the pig having the hearthrug to repose upon, and the chicken sitting up by the ceiling; so I went up the steps and made my way into a very nice room. I had just satisfied myself that there were no pigs or chickens, and was thinking of leaving, when an old man entered the room, and I am sorry to say mistook me for a thief. I tried to explain, but he would not listen, though I spoke in his own language.

"Begorra, yer spalpeen," I said, as he took me hold by the ear, "it wasn't harm I was doing at all, at all; only looking for pigs, acushla, alanah; bad luck to yer for taking me for a thief, me darlin'," but it was no good. I was given in charge of a constable, and taken off to the police station, where I underwent a cross-examination. However, when they found that I was on my way to America, they hurried me off to the ship pretty quickly; the vessel had just started, but we managed to attract the attention of some one on board, and they stopped while I put off in a small boat. The captain was again angry, and I heard him mutter, "Oh, for the days of good King Herod," which I thought impious.

I have had a very good joke to-day, and think you would like to hear about it, dear mamma, as I know that you are interested in all that your Johnnie does: I was feeling a little lonesome, as the parents of the other children have forbidden them to speak to me in case I might lead them into mischief (just as though I would), when all of a sudden I thought what fun it would be to get two or three bottles and put letters in them as though they were written by shipwrecked men, then some one would find them and go searching about, which would be bully (bully is American for jolly), so I wrote three let-

ters, of which I need only tell you one, as my little game turned out even better than I could have expected. This was the letter:—

“Brig Hesperus.

“For God's sake come to our assistance. This is the fifth day we have been without food, and the second without water. There is madness in the eyes of the men, and I fear for the lives of the women. We are twenty souls in all, knocking about on a raft which threatens to sink every moment. The brig Hesperus went down ten days ago, and since then we have been exposed to all the hardships of wind and weather; look for us; where we are I cannot tell, but surely near the American line. Some of our women cannot live much longer, even if the men spare them, and I am too weak to fight.

“JOHN THOMPSON, Captain.”

I put this in a bottle, corked it tightly, and when no one was looking, tossed it and two more over at the front of the ship. Soon at the other end I heard some one sing out; the engines were reversed, a boat lowered, and after a short time one of my bottles was brought on board, the letter taken out and read. My word, wasn't there excitement; every one crowded to hear the letter read; people got their glasses and looked all over the sea, and everything was in a commotion.

“Poor fellows, we must find them,” said the captain, and every one said the same. I rather wanted to get my letter back, as I thought I might have said something which a sailor would not have, so I asked the captain if I might have it to read, and he said yes, so I took it to the side of the vessel and the wind blew it out of my hands. The captain was very angry indeed; my little joke will make the voyage longer, as we have been looking for the poor shipwrecked people all day; every one is very sad, and I have to go away by myself to laugh. There is nothing but sea to be seen now, and the waves are tremendous, like great rolling mountains. Every one is fearing for the men on the raft; one man would give ten years of his life to find them; he might safely have offered twenty.

There is no more news to tell you, but I hope there is something to interest you in to-day's portion of the diary of your loving son,

JOHNNIE.

Ship Europa.

DEAR MAMMA, —

There is a gloom all over the ship, and the heart of your Johnnie is very sad. I

could only manage two eggs and a little bacon at breakfast this morning, and have no heart for play. The reason is this. There has been a death on board; the little baby whom I held in my arms has passed away, and is now singing with the angels, at least so a clergyman among the first-class passengers told me. I asked him how that could be, as the baby could not even talk when it was alive, and he said that it comes naturally to them to sing directly they get to heaven, and they know all the tunes and words at once. Of course he ought to know, as it is his profession. I only wish it was like that here; then there would be no bother about learning lessons. But to return to the subject in which I take a melancholy pleasure.

The mother of the child, as I told you before, was very, very ill, and after the second day the banjo fellow took the entire charge of the baby, and would walk the deck singing to it all day long, taking it down into the cabin now and then for the poor mother to kiss. It scarcely ever cried, but its brown eyes were always very, very bright, and it seemed to be looking a long, long way off; its cheeks were quite rosy, but the doctor said it was very ill, worse than the mother. “Poor baby,” the woman would say, “she feels the rocking of the ship so.” Then she would kiss the banjo fellow's hands and say, “God bless you.”

Last night the sharks began following the ship, and the sailors looked at each other and whispered that it was a sign of death, and quite early this morning it came. I got up early to see the sun rise, because it is so beautiful to watch it creep out of the water like a great ball of fire, and to see the foam of the waves all gilded, and a pathway of sunlight streaming all across the sea, almost as though you could walk upon it. I was strolling about, and I noticed a little crowd of people in the steerage part of the vessel, so I went to see if anything was the matter. I found the banjo fellow sitting on the deck with the baby in his arms, and the doctor talking to him. A number of people were standing round, and I pushed in among them.

“I can do nothing,” I heard the doctor say. “Better take the poor child to its mother.”

“She is asleep almost for the first time,” the banjo fellow answered; “had I not better let her sleep on?”

“If you are not afraid of the little one dying in your arms,” the doctor said.

He glanced at the doctor with such a queer look, then answered quietly, —

"It would hurt none of us to hold an angel for a moment in our arms."

Then the doctor ran away, and I sat down by their side, but did not speak. I watched the baby's eyes, and tried to see what they were looking at, but I could not. After a time she closed them, and I feared she was dead, but before I could speak they were open again, but looking up into the kind fellow's face not far away. Then she smiled; a little shiver seemed to run all through her; her eyes closed, and she was still. Dear mamma, I could not help it, but I cried, and so did the banjo fellow. He just looked at me, but did not speak. Then he got up, and I followed him to the cabin; the woman was awake, and I think she knew what had happened directly she saw our white faces.

"Baby does not feel the rocking of the ship now," the banjo fellow said, "God has taken her." I could not wait to see any more, and my eyes went blind, so I ran away. In the afternoon the little baby was buried in the sea, and the banjo fellow held the poor mother up. There was no sound when the little body touched the waves; the sailors tell me that there never is when a baby is buried at sea; the angels wait on the breast of the water and take the little one straight up to heaven.

Dear mother, all this is very sad, but your Johnnie cannot help having his feelings. I dare say by to-morrow I shall feel brighter, and will write a day's diary which will do more credit to

Your loving son, JOHNNIE.

Ship Europa,
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

DEAR MAMMA, —

Quite unwillingly I have misled you, and perhaps caused you anxiety. Papa has not had whooping cough at all. I cannot tell you what has been the matter because, knowing that I am writing a diary (though I have not let him see it), he has given me a shilling not to mention what his illness has been, therefore I can only hint that I have been the same after a party.

Nearly every one comes to meals now, but some of them eat but little, and look very thoughtful all the time. Perhaps they have something on their minds. Miss Melton and papa are always together, and he calls her Jo now, so I suppose they are friends. I am still considered very good company on board, and my society is much courted, but I cannot talk to any one very long, as I have to be

about the ship listening to what everybody says, so as to be able to tell you anything of interest, dear mamma.

This morning I was standing unnoticed by a group of men, and after a time I found out that they were talking about papa and Miss Melton. They said that "she had played her cards very well, and evidently had the game in her own hands," so I suppose she and papa have been playing whist. I hope it is not for much. Then another man asked if there were any other children beside me. The American thought not, but said any one would have to be almighty sharp to keep me in order, and that I should be quite enough. Then some one else asked how long papa had been a widower; so, thinking of you, dear mamma, I thought it time to speak, and stepped forward. They looked strange when they saw me, and asked what I wanted. I replied that I wished to state that papa was not a widower, as I had a mamma at home, also several brothers and sisters.

"Darn the little cuss, he's been listening." I acknowledged that I had, and said that I did so in order to have plenty to tell you in my diary. They questioned me a good deal about what I told you; then one man remarked that it was pleasant for "some one." I don't know whom he meant.

Dear mamma, I am getting tired of seeing nothing but the sea, and shall be very glad when we reach America. I smoke two cigars every day now, and am learning to drink brandy and water. At first I did not care for it, as it made my legs get very lively, and my head go to sleep, but practice makes perfect, and the American says that I am a first-rate little tippler now.

The woman who lost her baby has been very miserable since, but the banjo fellow tried to cheer her up. He was invited into our saloon to-day, and asked to sing some songs, which he did. I offered to recite, and gave them "The Wreck of the Hesperus." They were much affected; you can imagine why (I quite forgot to tell you that we were obliged to give up looking for the shipwreck). Two or three ladies sang, and one young lady gave us a scene from "Hamlet." I will tell you about it. She came on dressed in her night-dress, which I must say I thought not quite the thing, and had a lot of ridiculous things in her hair, and some artificial flowers in her hand. She talked a lot of right-down nonsense, and sang some very tuneless sort of songs; then she began saying things so very absurd that I

could not stand it. She said, "There's fennel for you," and of course, mamma, as I know that fennel is a green, feathery herb that we have with mackerel, I was obliged to laugh when she held out a rosebud. Then she said, "And columbine and rue," and held up some violets and primroses, and I laughed more; but when she took a poppy and said, "There's a daisy," I could not stand it any more, so I called out, "That it isn't." Some one said "Hush!" but I was not going to sit there and hear such dreadful stories told; besides, it might mislead people if they did not happen to know what fennel and columbine and daisies were like. However, she soon left off and went out. Her name was Maud Merryville, and I heard her mother say to the American, "We have seen Ellen Terry play Ophelia, and we have seen Maud, and we know which we like best." Of course it must have been Miss Terry, though she did not say so. I shall get papa to take me to see "Hamlet" when in New York, as I do not think it would be fair to judge Mr. Shakespeare from the little I have seen. I must tell you that at the entertainment we collected ten pounds to go to some charity. I put in sixpence.

A good deal of flirting goes on, and if papa was not married, and I didn't know that it was impossible for him to flirt, I should say that he did so with Miss Jo. In the evenings I often see them sitting together, and I can never see where papa's second arm is until I go round to the back of Miss Jo. The other day I found her alone, so I said to her quite innocently,—

"When you are married shall you let your husband go to America by himself?"

She got rather red, and said that I was "a monkey."

"He might be dull," I continued; "because, you know, he could not be sure of getting a nice girl like you to take care of him and keep him lively. I shall tell mamma how good you have been to papa, and I expect she will ask you to come and stay with us if you ever come back to England." When I had finished she looked rather cross, and there is a coldness between us.

Dear mamma, there is not much in today's diary, but there is nothing more to tell. I must think of some larks to get up to, or you will be thinking that your Johnnie is growing dull. Papa is still very indifferent to my presence, which just suits Your loving son,

JOHNNIE.

Ship Europa,
In sight of land.

DEAR MAMMA,—

The great continent of America is visible, and every one is going mad with joy except your Johnnie, who is sad under a load of false accusations. I have been accused of endangering the lives of all on board, and naturally feel hurt. I must tell you all about it, and am sure that you will not be hard on your son.

Last night the sea was very rough, and dashed all over the deck. I watched it for some time, but the storm got so very severe that the captain ordered all the passengers below, and as I was making rather a noise in the saloon, papa said I had better go to bed, and I went. I must tell you, dear mamma, that there are some strange little windows in our cabin, and generally the water is below them, but I noticed last night that the waves quite covered them as they passed, and I thought what fun it would be to open the window, put out my hands, and catch some fish. I quite forgot that the sea would come in; however, directly the window was open, in it came, just as though it meant to empty itself into our ship. I was a little startled, and tried to shut the window, but could not. Then I thought to myself, if I let it go on running in very soon the water will be below the window, and it will be all right, because, of course, I knew that the depth of the sea must get less if such a lot came into the ship, so I sat and watched it, and it was a very fine sight. However, all at once I heard a great calling out, and every one rushed to my cabin, and there was a row; the captain stormed, so did papa, so did everybody. They would not let me explain; they would not listen to reason, and I have had a lively time since. I am glad we are in sight of America, as I am evidently misunderstood upon a ship.

As far as I can see as yet America is just like any other country, and does not look a bit larger than England. However, it is scarcely fair to judge, as we are still some miles away, and I may not be able to see it all. I see no cliffs, which seems to me dangerous, as I don't see how they keep the sea out, for as far as I can judge, the sea is not at all a thing to be depended upon, and never seems to have a fixed intention. Sometimes the waves will be rolling along as nicely as possible, when all at once, without any reason, round they will turn, and go back again. I am speaking, of course, about waves a long way out. Those near shore

always roll the same way, and seem on the whole well-behaved. I have no doubt that it is something to do with the example we set them.

The little girl who fell in love with me has now bestowed her affections upon another, which makes me feel lonesome, as they are always spooning around by me, and thrusting their devotion under my nose. I am thinking of revenge, and my best idea is to empty some tar over them. It seems to me she must have been pretty hard up to take to him, as he was sick for the first three days of the voyage, and if a fellow hadn't more manliness than to be upset by the pitching of a ship, I'm blamed (American swear) if I'd take up with him were I a girl.

The banjo fellow and I are good friends now, and if it were not for him I could not bear my life now human sympathy is removed from me. I must say, dear mamma, that during all the voyage papa has neglected me shamefully, and I dare say had not I been thrown so much on my own resources I should not have got into so much trouble, but as he is always flirting around with Miss Jo, of course he can't look after me. I am thankful that she is going up to Canada while we stay in New York.

I shall just write very briefly my first impressions of New York, then close my diary, which I hope has given some pleasure to the mother of

Your unhappy son,

JOHNNIE.

Fifth Avenue Hotel,
New York.

DEAR MAMMA,—

This, as I have said before, will be the last portion of my diary, firstly, because I can plainly see that I shall be too much engaged to write one; secondly, because the ships which take letters leave here twice a week, and papa can therefore tell you all he does.

Well, dear mamma, I like New York, it is really a very fine city, and not half so dirty as London; indeed, if anything, it is a little too bright. They seem fond of gay colors here, and the tramway cars are like moving rainbows; at night the whole city is illuminated with the electric light, which dazzles the eyes of your Johnnie.

This is a very nice hotel, and I like being here, though there are drawbacks, as some of the Americans are not as nice as I could wish in their habits; for instance, they take butter with the knives which they have been using, and leave bits of all sorts of things in it, which is not

pleasant; then they use their forks where papa uses a quill, and are not at all nice when they smoke. None of the ladies ever come into the hotel from the principal entrance, as all the men congregate there to smoke, and make it disagreeable. I had a bad cold after coming in that way once, as my shoes were thin, and have not done so since.

I have been to see Irving play in "Hamlet," and though I like it very well, it is not what I call an original play, and I think that Shakespeare must have met you some time or other, for many of the remarks in the play I have heard previously from you, for instance, when you scold me you always say that it is "more in sorrow than in anger." Well, Horatio says that in "Hamlet." Then Hamlet says, "Oh, my prophetic soul, my uncle," and "Lay not that flattering unction to my soul," and heaps of things which I have heard you say, dear mamma. I was obliged to laugh once, because Mr. Irving is very, very thin and æsthetic-looking, and it seemed so funny to hear him say, "Oh, that this *too, too* solid flesh would melt, thaw, and resolve itself into a dew," because really he is not at all what you may call solid-looking. Miss Ellen Terry is splendid, quite different from Maud, whom I told you about. I am very much in love with her, and think Hamlet treats her very badly. I shall tell Mr. Irving so if I get a chance. Fancy sending a girl like that to a nunnery. Why it's the last place she should go to. I only wish that I were a little older; I should make her Mrs. Campbell.

I went out to dinner yesterday without papa, which was prime. You will remember the American that I told you about. Well, he invited me to his hotel, and I had a very good time; there were no ladies, but six gentlemen, and all military men. I asked the man I knew if they were all soldiers in America, and he laughed, I don't know why, and said if I liked to stay they would put me into the army, but I felt obliged to decline. I told them all the funny things I could think of, and they were much amused at the way you and papa go on when you are put out. I told them in two different voices: I squeaked for you and growled for papa, and they laughed fit to kill themselves. I think they found me good company. I drank a good deal of wine, and it made me eloquent. Almost the last thing we had was some delicious rather burning stuff in tiny glasses; it was so good that I drank mine up quickly, and called the waiter. "I'll

take some more of that in a *tumbler*," I said, and they all roared, which was rude; and they would not let me have any more, which I thought mean. They asked me to make a speech, and I tried, but sleep suddenly overtook me, and I remembered nothing until the morning, when I awoke in my own little bed, with a bad headache. I cannot think what made me go to sleep. Papa was angry, said it (I don't know what) was disgraceful. He says I am never to speak to my American friend again.

The parting between papa and Miss Jo was touching. I was not supposed to be present at it, but I was. He said that she had made the few days during which he had known her replete with happiness; also that if things were not as they are, they would not be as they are, which seemed to me stupid; however, she appeared to understand; then, dear mamma, there was a little scene, over which I draw a veil, in consideration of your feelings. You must not be uneasy about papa; he is only having his American fling, and is beginning to behave in a more dutiful manner to me.

Dearest mamma, I shall now end my diary, which I do hope will prove entertaining and instructive to you. I have tried to make it so; if I have failed, it is not the fault of

Your loving child,
JOHNNIE.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
FOOTPRINTS.

ONE of the most striking incidents in the story of Robinson Crusoe was his finding a strange human footprint on the beach of his lonely island. This incident excited his imagination, and opened up to him a whole world of vague possibilities. He knew that he was no longer the only dweller in his island home; and he had an uncomfortable feeling that the magic circle of his solitude might at any moment be invaded. In a similar way the imagination of the scientific man is ever and anon startled by the discovery of one of those literal "footprints on the sands of time," which have not unfrequently been left behind by the former life of the globe. There is a mystery about it which opens up a vista into a new and larger world of suggestion. The naturalist is familiar with the tracks on sandstone and other slabs, such as those

found in the quarries of Dumfriesshire, which form one of the most interesting features in every geological museum. The material on which these curious relics of the past have been impressed is remarkable for the paucity of its fossil remains; but while it has allowed the substantial forms of the creatures themselves to disappear, it has carefully preserved the more shadowy and incidental memorials of their life, the mere impressions produced by their feet on the soft primeval mud. As the American savage can tell not only that an elk or a bison has passed by from the traces of its hoofs on the prairie, but also the hour when it passed by; as the Arab can determine from the camel's track in the desert whether it was heavily or lightly laden, whether it was fresh or fatigued, lame or sound, — so the geologist can inform us, from the footmarks on the thin layer of unctuous clay between the slabs of sandstone, not only that the animal which produced them belonged to an extinct tortoise family, but also that it was walking on the beach of the sea in a westerly direction when the tide was receding. No relic of the bodies of these ancient Scottish tortoises has been discovered. But in the case of the peculiar hand-like footprints on some slab surfaces of the same formation in England and Saxony, which attracted attention some years afterwards, a few teeth and fragments of the bones of the animal that produced them were found soon after to verify the conclusion to which naturalists had previously come — that the colossal creature was intermediate between a frog and a crocodile. In America, in a formation earlier than any in which traces of birds have been discovered in Europe, slabs have been found with footprints impressed upon them of such a nature as to indicate the existence of a bird twice the size of an ostrich. These ephemeral impressions of obscure creatures that perished untold ages ago, have been preserved as distinct as the track of the passing animal upon the recent snow, while every vestige of the course of ancient armies that ravaged the earth has disappeared.

But there is another class of footprints still more interesting and instructive, because they belong to the human world. These have been found in almost every part of the earth, cut in the solid rock, or impressed upon boulders and slabs of marble and other stones. These artificial tracks have given rise to much speculation, being considered by many persons

to be real impressions of human feet, dating from a time when the material on which they were stamped was still in a state of softness. Superstition has invested them with a sacred veneration, and legends of a wild and mystical character have gathered around them. The slightest acquaintance with the results of geological research has sufficed to dispel this delusion, and to show that these mysterious marks could not have been produced by human beings while the rocks were in a state of fusion; and consequently no intelligent observer now holds this theory of their origin. But superstition dies hard; and there are persons who, though confronted with the clearest evidences of science, still refuse to abandon their old obscurantist ideas. They prefer a supernatural theory that allows free scope to their fancy and religious instinct, to one that offers a more prosaic explanation. There is a charm in the mystery connected with these dim imaginings which they would not wish dispelled by the clear daylight of scientific knowledge. In our own country, footmarks on rocks and stones are by no means of unfrequent occurrence. Some of them, indeed, although associated with myths and fairy tales, have doubtless been produced by natural causes, being the mere chance effects of weathering, without any meaning except to a geologist. But there are others that have been unmistakably produced by artificial means, and have a human history and significance; and to a few of the best-known and most important of these we now invite attention.

In Scotland tanist stones—so called from the Gaelic word *tanaiste*, a chief, or the next heir to an estate—have been frequently found. These stones were used in connection with the coronation of a king or the inauguration of a chief. The custom dates from the remotest antiquity. We see traces of it in the Bible,—as when it is mentioned that “Abimelech was made king by the oak of the pillar that was in Shechem;” and “Adonijah slew sheep and oxen and fat cattle by the stone of Zoheleth, which is by Engrogel, and called all his brethren the king’s sons, and all the men of Judah the king’s servants;” and that when Joash was anointed king by Jehoiada, “the king stood by a pillar, as the manner was;” and again, King Josiah “stood by a pillar” to make a covenant, “and all the people stood to the covenant.” The stone connected with the ceremony was regarded as the most sacred attestation of the en-

gagement entered into between the newly elected king or chief and his people. It was placed in some conspicuous position, upon the top of a moot hill, or the open-air place of assembly. Upon it was usually carved an impression of a human foot; and into this impression, during the ceremony of inauguration, the king or chief placed his own right foot, in token that he was installed by right into the possessions of his predecessors, and that he would walk in their footsteps. It may be said literally, that in this way the king or chief came to an understanding with his people; and perhaps the common saying of “stepping into a dead man’s shoes” may have originated from this primitive custom.

The most famous of the tanist stones is the Coronation Stone in Westminster Abbey—the Lia Fail, or Stone of Destiny—on which the ancient kings of Scotland sat or stood when crowned, and which forms a singular link of connection between the primitive rites that entered into the election of a king by the people, and the gorgeous ceremonies by which the hereditary sovereigns of England are installed into their high office. There is no footmark, however, on this stone. A more characteristic specimen of a tanist stone may be seen on the top of Dun Add, a rocky, isolated hill about two hundred feet high, in Argyleshire, not far from Ardrishaig. On a smooth, flat piece of rock which protrudes above the surface there is carved the mark of a right foot, covered with the old *cuaran* or thick stocking, eleven inches long and four inches and a half broad at the widest part, the heel being an inch less. It is sunk about half an inch in the rock, and is very little weather-worn—the reason being, perhaps, that it has been protected for ages by the turf that has grown over it, and has only recently been exposed. Quite close to it is a smooth polished basin, eleven inches in diameter and eight deep, also scooped out of the rock. With these two curious sculptures is associated a local myth. Ossian, who lived for a time in the neighborhood, was one day hunting on the mountain above Loch Fyne. A stag which his dogs had brought to bay charged him, and he fled precipitately. Coming to the hill above Kilmichael, he strode in one step across the valley to the top of Rudal Hill, from whence he took a gigantic leap to the summit of Dun Add. But when he alighted he was somewhat exhausted by his great effort, and fell on his knee, and

stretched out his hands to prevent him from falling backwards. He thereupon left on the rocky top of Dun Add the enduring impression of his foot and knee which we see at the present day. This myth is of comparatively recent date, and is interesting as showing that all recollection of the original use of the footmark and basin had died away for many ages in the district. There can be no doubt that the footmark indicates the spot to have been at one time the scene of the inauguration of the kings or chiefs of the region; and the basin was in all probability one of those primitive mortars which were in use for grinding corn long before the invention of the quern. Dun Add is one of the oldest sites in Scotland. It has the hoary ruins of a nameless fort, and a well which is traditionally said to ebb and flow with the tide. It was here that the Dalriadic Scots first settled; and Captain Thomas, who has written an interesting article on the subject in the "Proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland," supposes that the remarkable relic on Dun Add was made for the inauguration of Fergus More Mac Erca, the first king of Dalriada, who died in Scotland at the beginning of the sixth century, and to have been the exact measure of his foot.

King in his "Munimenta Antiqua" mentions that in the island of Islay there was on a mound or hill where the high court of judicature sat, a large stone fixed, about seven feet square, in which there was a cavity or deep impression made to receive the feet of Macdonald, who was crowned king of the Isles standing on this stone, and swore that he would continue his vassals in the possession of their lands, and do impartial justice to all his subjects. His father's sword was then put into his hand, and the Bishop of Argyle and seven priests anointed him king in presence of all the heads of the tribes in the Isles and mainland, and at the same time an orator rehearsed a catalogue of his ancestors. In the year 1831, when a mound locally known as the Fairy Knowe, in the parish of Carmylie, Forfarshire, was levelled in the course of some agricultural improvements in the place, there was found, besides stone cists and a bronze ring, a rude boulder almost two tons in weight, on the under side of which was sculptured the mark of a human foot. The mound or tumulus was in all likelihood a moot-hill, where justice was dispensed, and the chieftains of the district were elected. In the same county, in the wild recesses of Glenesk,

near Lord Dalhousie's shooting-lodge of Milldam, there is a rough granite boulder, on the upper surface of which a small human foot is scooped out with considerable accuracy, showing traces even of the toes. It is known in the glen as the fairy's footmark. There can be no doubt that this stone was once used in connection with the ceremonial of inaugurating a chief. A similar stone, carved with a representation of two feet, on which the primitive chiefs stood when publicly invested with the insignia of office, is still, or was lately, in existence in Ladykirk, at Burwick, South Ronaldshay, Orkney. A local tradition, that originated long after the Pictish chiefs passed away, and a new Norse race, ignorant of the customs of their predecessors, came in, says that the stone in question was used by St. Magnus as a boat to ferry him over the Pentland Firth; while an earlier tradition looked upon it as a miraculous whale which opportunely appeared at the prayer of the saint when about to be overwhelmed by a storm, and carried him on its back safely to the shore, where it was converted into a stone, as a perpetual memorial of the marvellous occurrence. In North Yell, Shetland, there is a rude stone lying on the hillside, on which is sculptured with considerable skill the mark of a human foot. It is known in the district as the Giant's Step; another of the same kind, it is said, being over in Unst. It is undoubtedly the stone on which, in Celtic times, the native kings of this part were crowned. On the top of a hill near St. Fillans, in the county of Perth, there are cavities in a rock, said to have been worn by the knees of St. Fillan, who often retired to this solitude to pray, which may have the same origin. And probably the Witch's Stone, forming part of a so-called Druidic circle within the pleasure-grounds of Monzie Castle, near Crieff, may have been used for a similar purpose. It stands apart from and is larger than the others, and has on its surface several cup-shaped hollows, among which two larger markings present a resemblance to the rude outlines of the human foot. These markings are regarded in the neighborhood as the impressions of the witch's feet. About a mile from Keill, near Campbelltown, a very old site, closely connected with the early ecclesiastical history of Scotland, may be seen on a rock what is locally called the footprint of St. Columba, which he made when he landed on this shore on one occasion from Iona. It is very rude,

and much effaced; but it carries the imagination much further back than the days of St. Columba, — when a pagan chief or king was inaugurated here to rule over the district.

In England and Wales there are several interesting examples of footprints on boulders and rocks. A remarkable tanist stone — which, however, has no carving upon it, I believe — stands among a number of other and smaller boulders, on the top of a hill near the village of Long Compton, in Cumberland. It is called the King; and the popular rhyme of the country people, —

If Long Compton thou canst see,
Then King of England thou shalt be,

points to the fact that the stone must have been once used as a coronation stone. Not far from the top of a hill near Barmouth in Wales, in the middle of a rough path, may be seen a flat stone, in which there is a footmark about the natural size, locally known as Llan Maria, or Mary's step, because the Virgin Mary once, it is supposed, put her foot on this rock, and then walked down the hill to a lower height covered with roots of oak-trees. This impression on the stone is associated with several stone circles and cromlechs — one of which bears upon it the reputed marks of Arthur's fingers, and is called Arthur's Quoit — and with a spring of water, and a grove, as the path leading to the hill is still known by a Welsh name which means Grove Lane; and these associations undoubtedly indicate that the spot was once a moot-hill or prehistoric sanctuary, where religious and inauguration rites were performed. At Smithill's Hall, near Bolton-le-Moors, there is still to be seen — an object of interest and curiosity to a large number of visitors — the print of a man's foot in the flagstone. It is said to have been produced by George Marsh, who suffered martyrdom during the persecutions of Queen Mary in 1555. When on one occasion the truth of his words was called in question by his enemies, he stamped his foot upon the stone on which he stood, which ever after bore the ineffaceable impression as a miraculous testimony to his veracity. This story must have been an afterthought, to account for what we may suppose to have been a prehistoric tanist stone. In connection with this modern legend, another of a somewhat different character may be related. A good many years ago, at the back of the British Museum, there was a piece of waste ground called Southampton Fields,

noted as a resort for low characters. There was a tradition connected with it, that two brothers in the Monmouth rebellion took opposite sides, and engaged each other in a fight. Both were killed, and forty impressions of their feet were traceable in the field for years afterwards. The field has been long built over, and the precise locality cannot now be pointed out. But Southey went to see the curious sight, and has given a graphic description of it in the second series of his "Commonplace Book." The impressions were about three inches deep in the hard soil; no grass ever grew in the terrible hollows, and no cultivation of the soil could obliterate them, for when the ground was ploughed they persisted in reappearing. Southey mentions that he saw no reason to doubt the truth of the story, since it had been confirmed by these tokens for more than a hundred years successively. It is probably a fact with a circumstance, — the circumstance, to say the least, extremely doubtful. Upon the legend, which was known far and wide, Jane and Anna Maria Porter based one of their popular romances, called "The Field of the Forty Footsteps;" and the Messrs. Mayhew took the same subject for a melodrama.

In Ireland footmarks are very numerous, and are attributed by the peasantry to different saints. Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, in their account of Ireland, refer to several curious examples which are regarded by the people with superstitious reverence, and are the occasions of religious pilgrimage. Near the chapel at Glenfinlough, in King's County, there is a ridge with a boulder on it called the Fairy's Stone or the Horseman's Stone, which presents on its flat surface, besides cup-like hollows, crosses, and other markings, rudely carved representations of the human foot. On a stone near Parsonstown, called Fin's Seat, there are similar impressions — also associated with crosses — cup-shaped hollows, which are traditionally said to be the marks of Fin Mac Coul's thumb and fingers. On an exposed and smooth surface of rock on the northern slope of the Clare Hills, in the townland of Dromandoora, there is the engraved impression of a foot clothed with a sandal; and near it is sculptured on the rock a figure resembling the caduceus of Mercury, while there are two cromlechs in the immediate vicinity. The inauguration stone of the Macmahons still exists on the hill of Lech — formerly called Mullach Leaght, or "hill of the stone" — three miles south of Meaghan;

but the impression of the foot was unfortunately effaced by the owner of the farm about the year 1809. In the garden of Belmont on the Greencastle road, about a mile from Londonderry, there is the famous stone of St. Columba, held in great veneration as the inauguration stone of the ancient kings of Aileach, and which St. Patrick is said to have consecrated with his blessing. On this remarkable stone, which is about seven feet square, composed of a hard gneiss, and quite undressed by the chisel, are sculptured two feet, right and left, about ten inches long each. Boullaye le Gouze mentions that in 1644 the print of St. Fin Bar's foot might be seen on a stone in the cemetery of the Cathedral of Cork; it has long since disappeared.

In the beautiful demesne of Lord Kenmare at Killarney is a famous stone, with two hollows on its upper surface, called Clough-na-cuddy. It is associated with a legend which, like the stories of wonderful sleepers, is common to most countries. It is told at some length by Mr. Croker. A monk called Father Cuddy, belonging to the monastery of Innisfallen, in the Lake of Killarney, went one day to fetch a tun of wine from the neighboring abbey of Irelagh, now Mucross. He remained in that place till evening, partaking of the hospitality of his clerical friends. On his way home a vision of a beautiful white-robed maiden appeared to him, holding a bottle in her hand, and archly looking back upon him over her shoulder. He followed the alluring apparition till his feet grew weary and his breath failed; and then falling down instinctively upon his knees in the attitude of devotion, he fell sound asleep, and did not awake till the morning was far advanced. When he opened his eyes he found, to his intense astonishment, everything around him changed. Old woods which he remembered were cut down, and heights that were formerly bare were covered with aged timber. Waste places were cultivated, and once hospitable houses had become lonely ruins. The season itself was changed. It was summer when he fell asleep; but now the ground was white with the hoar-frost of midwinter, and the trees were leafless. Trying to rise, he found both his knees buried six inches in the solid stone. Betaking himself to his home, he found a stranger at the gate of the monastery, who harshly repelled him; and all the familiar things of former years were changed, and his old friends long dead. The monastery lands and posses-

sions were confiscated and in the hands of laymen, and a new faith had arisen in the land. A hundred years had passed away since the hapless monk had fallen asleep. His place and occupation gone, he left the country and settled in Spain, where he gently wore out the remainder of his days.

In the same region is the promontory of Coleman's Eye—so called after a legendary person who leapt across the stream, and left his footprints impressed in the solid rock on the other side. These impressions are considered Druidic, and are pointed out as such to the curious stranger by the Killarney guides. Near Bantry is the mountain of the Priest's Leap, Keim-an-eigh. It is so called from a singular rock which interferes with the road to Bantry, and which the people will not remove on account of two excavations of a remarkable character on its surface. The legend connected with them says that a priest on one occasion was riding by the old road over the mountains, when he was seen and pursued by his enemies. Just as they laid their hands upon him, he prayed to St. Fiachna, and the ass he rode gave a leap, and sprang seven miles over the mountain to the other side, and left the marks of its knees on the solid rock to this day. Not far off are the ruins of an old church, outside the burial ground of which is a natural rock of a tabular form, with five basin-like hollows on its surface, about a foot in diameter and four or five inches in depth. They are filled with water usually; and in each is a long oval stone, fitting the hollow space exactly. The peasants of the neighborhood say that it is a petrified dairy, the basins being the keelers, and the oval stones the roll of butter. And they account for it by the following curious legend. In ancient times a woman lived on the spot who surreptitiously milked the cows of her neighbors at night, and transferred the stolen produce to her own dairy. Suspected at last, the neighbors complained of her to St. Fiachna, who ministered at the old church referred to. He mounted his horse, and set out to punish her; but the woman, suspecting his errand, fled. The saint, as he passed by, turned her dairy into stone, and then pursued her. In crossing the stream, his horse left the prints of its feet on a stone in the centre of it. Overtaking the guilty woman, his curse immediately changed her into a boulder, which may still be seen in the locality.

So common are the curious sculptures under consideration in Norway and Sweden, that they are known by the distinct

name of *fotsulor*, or footsoles. They are marks of either naked feet, or of feet shod with primitive sandals. On a rock at Brygdæa in Westerbotten, in Norway, there are no less than thirty footmarks carved on a rock at an equal distance from each other. In other parts of Norway these footprints are mixed up with rude outlines of ships, wheels, and other *hällristningar*, or rock sculptures. Holmberg has figured many of them in his interesting work entitled "Scandinaviens Hällristningar." At Lökeberg Bohuslän, Sweden, there is a group of ten pairs of footmarks, associated with cup-shaped hollows and ship-carvings; and at Backa, in the same district, several pairs of feet, or rather shoe-marks, are engraved upon a rock. In Denmark not a few examples of artificial foot-tracks have been observed and described by Dr. Petersen. One was found on a slab belonging to the covering of a gallery in the inside of a tomb in the island of Seeland, and another on one of the blocks of stone surrounding a tumulus in the island of Laaland. In both cases the soles of the feet are represented as being covered; and in all probability they belong to the late stone or earlier bronze age. With these sepulchral marks are associated curious Danish legends, which refer them to real impressions of human feet. The islands of Denmark were supposed to have been made by enchanters, who wished for greater facilities for going to and fro, and dropped them in the sea as stations or stepping-stones on their way; and hence, in a region where the popular imagination poetizes the commonest material objects, and is saturated with stories of elves and giants, with magic swords, and treasures guarded by dragons, it was not difficult to conclude that these mysterious foot-sculptures were made by the tread of supernatural beings. Near the station of Sens, in France, famous for its Cathedral of St. Etienne, whose builder erected Canterbury Cathedral a few years later, there is a curious dolmen, on one of whose upright stones or props are carved two human feet. And farther north, in Brittany, upon a block of stone in the barrow or tumulus of Petit Mont at Arzon, may be seen carved an outline of the soles of two human feet right and left, with the impressions of the toes very distinctly cut, like the marks left by a person walking on the soft sandy shore of the sea. They are surrounded by a number of waving circular and serpentine lines exceedingly curious.

In not a few places in our own country

and on the Continent, rough, misshapen marks on rocks and stones, bearing a fanciful resemblance to the outline of the human foot, have been supposed by popular superstition to have been made by Satan. Every classical student is familiar with the account which Herodotus gives of the print of Hercules shown by the Scythians in his day upon a rock near the river Tyras, the modern Dnieper. It was said to resemble the footprint of a man, only that it was two cubits long. He will also recall the description given by the same gossipy writer of the Temple of Perseus in the Thebaic district of Egypt, in which a sandal worn by the god, two cubits in length, occasionally made its appearance as a token of the visit of Perseus to the earth, and a sign of prosperity to the land. Pythagoras measured similar footprints at Olympia, and calculated *ex pede Herculem*. Still more famous was the mark on the volcanic rock on the shore of Lake Regillus — the scene of the memorable battle in which the Romans, under the dictator Posthumus, defeated the powerful confederation of the Latin tribes under the Tarquins. According to tradition, the Roman forces were assisted by Castor and Pollux, who helped them to achieve their signal victory. The mark was supposed to have been left by the horse of one of the great twins who fought so well for Rome, as Macaulay says in his spirited ballad. On the way to the famous convent of Monte Casino, very near the door, there is a cross in the middle of the road. In front of it a grating covers the mark of a knee, which is said to have been left in the rock by St. Benedict, when he knelt there to ask a blessing from heaven before laying the foundation stone of his convent. As the site of the monastery was previously occupied by a temple of Apollo, and a grove sacred to Venus, where the inhabitants of the surrounding locality worshipped as late as the sixth century, — to which circumstances Dante alludes, — it is probable that the sacred mark on the rock may have belonged to the old pagan idolatry, and have been a cup-marked stone connected with sacrificial libations. On the Lucanian coast, near the little fishing-town of Agrapoli, not far from Paestum, there is shown on the limestone rock the print of a foot, which is said by the inhabitants to have been made by the apostle Paul, who lingered here on his way to Rome.

On many rocks of the United States of America may be seen human footprints, either isolated or connected with other

designs belonging to the pictorial system of the aborigines, and commemorating incidents which they thought worthy of being preserved. In the collection of the Smithsonian Museum are three large stone slabs having impressions of the human foot. On two slabs of sandstone, carefully cut from rocks on the banks of the Missouri, may be seen respectively two impressions of feet, carved apparently with moccasins, such as are worn at the present day by the Sioux and other western tribes of Indians. The other specimen is a flat boulder of white quartz, obtained in Gasconade County, Missouri, which bears on one of its sides the mark of a naked foot, each toe being distinctly scooped out and indicated. The footmark is surrounded by a number of cup-shaped depressions. In equatorial Africa similar footprints have also been found, and are associated with the folk-lore of the country. Stanley, in his "Dark Continent" tells us that in the legendary history of Uganda, Kimera, the third in descent from Ham, was so large and heavy that he made marks in the rocks wherever he trod. The impression of one of his feet is shown at Uganda, on a rock near the capital, Ulugalla. It was made by one of his feet slipping while he was in the act of hurling his spear at an elephant. In the South Sea Islands department of the British Museum is an impression of a gigantic footstep five feet in length.

Perhaps the most interesting of all the curious relics of the past of this description are the sepulchral slabs with footprints carved upon them, which bear unmistakable evidence that they belonged originally to the catacombs of Rome. In their case the prehistoric symbolism was continued into a comparatively late historical era, and grafted upon the sacred memorials of Christianity. The best-known and most remarkable of these slabs is the fragment of white marble preserved on the floor of the quaint old church on the Appian Way at Rome, called "Domine quo Vadis," on account of the exquisitely beautiful legend, first found in St. Ambrose, connected with it. During the persecution of Nero, St. Peter was fleeing from the city, when our Lord met him on this spot, with his face turned Rome-wards. The apostle asked him, "Domine, quo vadis?" (Lord, whither goest thou?) in reply to which our Lord said, "I go to Rome to be crucified a second time." Struck with remorse, St. Peter turned back immediately; and, according to the common tradition, was nailed to a

cross, with his head downwards, on the Janicular Mount, on the spot now marked by the Church of St. Pietro, in Montorio. In the place where our Saviour stood, the impressions of his feet were left ever afterwards on the pavement. The stone containing these footmarks in the Church of Domine quo Vadis is a copy — the original being carefully preserved in one of the chapels of the Church of St. Sebastian on the Appian Way, a little farther out, celebrated for its numerous relics. It is evident that the legend was an afterthought, to account for the footprints; for the material on which they are impressed, being white marble, proves conclusively that the slab could never have formed part of the pavement of the Appian Way, which, it is well known, was composed of an unusually hard lava found in a quarry near the tomb of Cecilia Metella; and the distinct marks of the chisel which the impressions bear — for I examined the footprints very carefully some years ago — disprove their supernatural origin. The traditional relic in all probability belonged to the early subterranean cemetery, leading by a door out of the left aisle of the Church of St. Sebastian, to which the name of catacomb was originally applied.

In the Kircherian Museum in Rome, in the room devoted to early Christian antiquities, there is a square slab of white marble with two pairs of footprints elegantly incised upon it, pointed in opposite directions, as if produced by a person going and returning, or by two persons crossing each other. There is no record from what catacomb this sepulchral slab was taken. We have descriptions of other relics of the same kind from the Roman catacombs, — such as a marble slab bearing upon it the mark of the sole of a foot, with the words "In Deo" incised upon it at the one end, and at the other an inscription in Greek meaning "Januaria in God;" and a slab with a pair of footprints carved on it covered with sandals, well executed, which was placed by a devoted husband over the *loculus* or tomb of his wife. Impressions of feet shod with shoes or sandals are much rarer than those of bare feet; and a pair of feet is a more customary representation than a single foot, which, when carved, is usually in profile. In a dark, half-subterranean chapel, green with damp, belonging to the Church of St. Christina in the town of Bolsena, on the great Volscian Mere of Macaulay, there is a stone let into the front of the altar, and protected by an iron grating, on which is rudely impressed a

pair of misshapen feet very like those in the Church of St. Sebastian at Rome. In the lower church at Assisi there is a duplicate of these footprints. The legend connected with them says that they were produced by the feet of a Christian lady named Christina, living in the neighborhood in pagan times, who was thrown into the adjoining lake by her persecutors, with a large flat stone attached to her body. Instead of sinking her, the stone formed a raft which floated her in a standing attitude safely to the opposite shore, where she landed, leaving the prints of her feet upon the stone as an incontestable proof of the reality of the miracle. The altar with which the slab is engrafted — with a stone *baldacchino* over it — I may mention, was the scene of the famous miracle of Bolsena, when a Bohemian priest, officiating here in 1263, was cured of his sceptical doubts regarding the reality of transubstantiation by the sudden appearance of drops of blood on the host which he had just consecrated, — an incident which formed the subject of Raphael's well-known picture in the Vatican, and in connection with which Pope Urban IV. instituted the festival of Corpus Christi. In the famous Church of Radegonde at Poitiers, dedicated to the queen of Clothaire I. — who afterwards took the veil and was distinguished for her piety — there is shown on a white marble slab a well-defined footmark, which is called *le pas de Dieu*, and is said to indicate the spot where the Saviour appeared to the tutelary saint of the place. The footprint of Mary is very common in churches in Italy and Spain, where it is highly venerated. The reader who cares to follow up the subject, may consult an interesting article on "Plantes de Pied" in Martigny's "Dictionary of Christian Antiquities."

In connection with these peculiar footprints, I may mention the existence of foot-shaped rings which have also been found in the Roman catacombs. These rings, coarsely made of bronze, have their bezel in the form of a long, flat plate wrought in the shape of the sole of the foot, or rather of the shoe, and inscribed with the name of the owner, or with a Christian motto or device, such as "Hope," "In God," or the monogram of Christ. Such rings have been found in the interesting Catacomb of St. Agnese, outside the Porta Pia. In the burying place of the very ancient Church of St. Sisto on the Appian Way, where St. Dominic first established his order in

Rome, have been found stamped, no less than five times, on the mortar of a tomb in which a gilt glass goblet was embedded, the impression of the footsole on one of these curious seals, with the word "Pauli" incised upon it. Such foot-shaped rings were used by pagans as well as by Christians; and examples of them are preserved in the Kircherian, Vatican, and Castellani Museums in Rome, and in our own British Museum.

The significance of these footmarks on rings and marble slabs has been the subject of much controversy. Some have regarded them as symbols of possession — the word "possession" being supposed to be etymologically derived from the latin words *pedis positio*, and meaning literally the position of the foot. The adage of the ancient jurists was, "Quicquid pes tuus calcaverit tuum erit." The symbol of a foot was carved on the marble slab that closed the *loculus* or tomb, to indicate that it was the purchased property of the person who reposed in it; or the bezel of the ring was wrought into the shape of a shoe, to prove that whatever object was stamped or sealed with its impression, belonged to the owner of the ring. This view, however, has not been generally received with favor by the most competent authorities. A more plausible theory is that which regards the sepulchral footmarks in the catacombs as votive offerings of gratitude, ordered by Christians to be made in commemoration of the completion of their earthly pilgrimage, and the standing of their feet within the gates of the heavenly city. It was a common pagan custom for persons who had recovered from disease or injury, to hang up as thank-offerings in the shrines of the gods who were supposed to have healed them, images or representations, moulded in metal, clay, or wood, of the part that had been affected. In Italy, votive tablets were dedicated to Iris and Hygeia on which footmarks were engraved; and Hygeia received on one occasion tributes of this kind which recorded the gratitude of some Roman soldiers who escaped the amputation which was inflicted upon their comrades by Hannibal. This custom survived in the early Christian Church, and is still kept up, as any one who visits a modern shrine of pilgrimage in Roman Catholic countries can testify. Among such votive offerings, models and carved and painted representations of feet in stone, or wood, or metal, are frequently suspended before the image of the Madonna, in gratitude for recovery

from some disease of the feet. We may suppose that as the ancient Romans, when they returned safely from some long and dangerous or difficult journey undertaken for business or health, dedicated in gratitude a representation of their feet to their favorite god, so the early Christians, who in their original condition were pagans, and still cherished many of their old customs, ordered these peculiar footmarks to be made upon their graves, in token of thankfulness that for them the pilgrimage of life was over, and the endless rest begun. There can be little doubt that the slab with the so-called footprints of St. Christina on it at Bolsena, already alluded to, was a pagan ex-votive offering; for the altar on which it is engrafted occupies the site of one anciently dedicated to Apollo, and the legend of St. Christina gradually crystallized around it. And the footprint in the Church of Radegonde at Poitiers was more likely pagan than Christian, for Poitiers had a Roman origin, and numerous Roman remains have been found in the town and neighborhood. This is a much more beautiful and plausible explanation of these curious relics than any other.

In connection with this subject, I may mention that one of the most striking burial customs of the early ages was to put shoes on the feet of the dead, even though the body might be left naked, that they might be ready for the judgment. Members of religious orders were usually thus buried; but laymen also had their feet shod in their coffins. It was a pagan as well as a Christian custom. The Sardinians uniformly practised it. In the days of Gisli the outlaw, it is said that when they were laying out Vestein in his grave, Thorgrim the priest went up to the mound and said, "It is the custom to bind the hell-shoes on men, so that they may walk in them to Valhalla, and I will now do that by Vestein;" and when he had done this, he said, "I know nothing about binding on hell-shoes if these loosen."

A long and curious list might be made of the miraculous impressions said to have been left by our Saviour's feet on the places where he stood. High in the centre of the platform at Jerusalem on which the Temple of Solomon stood, covered by the dome of the Sakrah Mosque, a portion of the rough natural limestone rock rises several feet above the marble pavement, and is the principal object of veneration in the place. It has an excavated chamber in one corner, with an

aperture through the rocky roof, which has given to the rock the name of *lapis pertusus*, or perforated stone. On this rock there are natural or artificial marks, which the successors of the caliph Omar believed to be the prints of the angel Gabriel's fingers, and the mark of Mahomet's foot, and that of his camel, which performed the whole journey from Mecca to Jerusalem in four bounds only. The stone, it is said, originally fell from heaven and was used as a seat by the venerable prophets of Jerusalem. So long as they enjoyed the gift of prophecy, the stone remained steady under them; but when the gift was withdrawn, and the persecuted seers were compelled to flee for safety to other lands, the stone rose to accompany them: whereupon the angel Gabriel interposed, and prevented the departure of the prophetic chair, leaving on it indelibly the marks of his fingers. It was then supernaturally nailed to its rocky bed by seven brass nails. When any great crisis in the world's fortunes happens, the head of one of these nails disappears; and when they are all gone, the day of judgment will come. There are now only three left, and therefore the Mohammedans believe that the end of all things is not far off. When the Crusaders took possession of the sacred city, they altered the Mohammedan legend, and attributed the mysterious footprint to our Lord when he went out of the temple to escape the fury of the Jews. It is possible that the marks on the rock may be prehistoric, and may belong to the primitive worship of Mount Moriah, long before the august associations of Biblical history gathered around it. What renders this idea very plausible is the continued survival, almost to our own day, of what may well be regarded as pre-historic superstitions in the spot. For instance, in the corridor of the neighboring Mosque of Aksa, which also contains a print of Christ's feet on a stone, are two columns standing closely together, which had for ages been regarded as a test of character. It is said that whoever could squeeze himself between them was certain of Paradise. The pillars have been worn thin by the constant repetition of the feat. While on the rock of the Sakrah, the Jews used to come in the fourth century and wail over it, and *anoint it with oil*, as if carrying out some dim tradition of former primitive libations. Such an idea opens up a most interesting line of suggestion.

In the Octagon Chapel of the Church of the Ascension on the top of the Mount of Olives, so well known for the magnificent

view which it commands of Jerusalem and the Dead Sea, is shown the native rock which forms the summit of the hill from which our Lord ascended into heaven. On this rock, it is said by tradition, he left the mark of his footsteps. Arculf, who visited Palestine about the year 700, says:—

On the ground in the midst of the church are to be seen the last prints in the dust of our Lord's feet, and the roof appears above where He ascended; and although the earth is daily carried away by believers, yet still it remains as before, and retains the same impression of the feet.

Jerome mentions that in his time the same custom was observed, followed by the same singular result. Later writers, however, asserted that the impressions were made, not in the ground, or in the dust, but on the solid rock; and that originally there were two, one of them having been stolen long ago by the Mohammedans, who broke off the fragment of stone on which it was stamped. Sir John Mandeville describes the appearance of the solitary surviving footmark as it looked in his day, 1322: "From that mount our Lord Jesus Christ ascended to heaven on Ascension Day, and yet there appears the impress of his left foot in the stone." What is now seen in the place is a simple rude cavity in the natural rock, which bears but the slightest resemblance to the human foot. It may have been artificially sculptured, or it may be only one of those curious hollows into which limestone rocks are frequently weathered. In either case, it naturally lent itself to the sacred legend that has gathered around it.

In the Kaaba, the most ancient and remarkable building of the great mosque at Mecca, is preserved a miraculous stone, with the print of Abraham's feet impressed upon it. It is said, by Mohammedan tradition, to be the identical stone which served the patriarch as a scaffold when he helped Ishmael to rebuild the Kaaba, which had been originally constructed by Seth, and was afterwards destroyed by the deluge. While Abraham stood upon this stone, it rose and sank with him as he built the walls of the sacred edifice. The relic is said to be a fragment of the same grey Mecca stone of which the whole building is constructed, — in this respect differing from the famous black stone brought to Abraham and Ishmael by the angel Gabriel, and built into the north-east corner of the exterior wall of the Kaaba, which is gener-

ally supposed to be either a meteorite or fragment of volcanic basalt. It is supposed to have been originally a jacinth of dazzling whiteness, but to have been made black as ink by the touch of sinful man, and that it can only recover its original purity and brilliancy at the day of judgment. The millions of kisses and touches impressed by the faithful have worn the surface considerably; but in addition to this, traces of cup-shaped hollows have been observed on it. There can be no doubt that both the relics associated with Abraham are of high antiquity, and may possibly have belonged to the prehistoric worship which marked Mecca as a sacred site, long before the followers of the Prophet had set up their shrine there. On Jebel Mûsa, at a short distance from the convent of Mar Elias, a mark is shown in the rock, somewhat resembling the print of the forepart of the foot, which is said to be either that of the prophet himself or of his camel, and is devoutly kissed by all Mohammedans. The monks of St. Catherine say, however, that this mark was made by their own brethren in former days, to secure the sanctity of the place, and preserve themselves from the attacks of the Bedouins.

On the top of Gerizim, one of the most ancient of the holy places in Palestine, and probably the site of a prehistoric sanctuary, is pointed out a curious flight of steps, variously called "the seven steps of Adam out of Paradise," or "the seven steps of Abraham's altar." And it is interesting to notice, in connection with these steps, the recent discovery of a cup-shaped hollow, about a foot in diameter and nine inches deep, on the same rock, exactly like numerous other artificial hollows found on flat rocks beside dolmens in Palestine, and in our own and other countries. The Samaritans say that this hollow marked the spot where the laver in the court of their tabernacle stood. It was intended, in all probability, to retain libations poured on the sacred rock, and was connected with the primitive worship of the locality, before the Samaritans came to the neighborhood. In the sacred Mosque of Hebron, built over the cave of Machpelah, is pointed out a footprint of the ordinary size on a slab of stone, variously called that of Adam or of Mohammed. It is said to have been brought from Mecca some six hundred years ago, and is enclosed in a recess at the back of the shrine of Abraham, where it is placed on a sort of shelf about three feet above the floor. On the margin of the tank, in

the court of the ruined mosque at Baalbec, there are shown four giant footmarks, which are supposed to have been impressed by some patriarch or prophet, but are more likely to have been connected with the ancient religion of Canaan, which lingered here to the latest days of Roman paganism. In Damascus there was at one time a sacred building called the Mosque of the Holy Foot, in which there was a stone having upon it the print of the feet of Moses. Ibn Batuta saw this curious relic early in the fourteenth century; but both the mosque and the stone have since disappeared. On the eastern side of the Jordan a Bedouin tribe, called the Adwân, worship the print left on a stone by the roadside by a prophetess while mounting her camel, in order to proceed on a pilgrimage to Mecca. The Kadriyeh dervishes of Egypt adore a gigantic shoe, as an emblem of the sacred foot of the founder of their sect; and near Madura, a large leather shoe is offered in worship to a deity that, like Diana, presides over the chase.

It may be mentioned in this connection, that on the figures carved on all the Hittite monuments the shoes resemble the Canadian moccasins, with a long bandage wound round the foot and ankle, which is the best possible covering for the foot in a country where the cold in winter is intense and the snow lingers long on the ground. These sandals are exactly like those worn by the Kurdish tribes at the present day, and show that the Hittites of Palestine did not belong to a Semitic race, but were a migrating people, who came originally from a cold, northern region.

To the student of comparative religion the *phrabat*, or sacred foot of Buddha, opens up a most interesting field of investigation. In the East, impressions of the feet of this wonderful person are as common as those of Christ and the Virgin Mary in the West. Buddhists are continually increasing the number by copies of the originals; and native painters of Siam who are ambitious of distinction, often present these sacred objects to the king, adorned with the highest skill of their art, as the most acceptable gift they can offer. The sacred footprint enters into the very essence of the Buddhist religion; it claims from the Indo-Chinese nations a degree of veneration scarcely yielding to that which they pay to Buddha himself. It is very ancient, and was framed to embody in one grand symbol a complete system of theology and theog-

ony, which has been gradually forgotten or perverted by succeeding ages to the purposes of a ridiculous superstition. It is elaborately carved and painted with numerous symbols, each of which has a profound significance. The liturgy of the Siamese connected with it consists of fifty measured lines of eight syllables each, and contains the names of a hundred and eight distinct symbolical objects, such as the lion, the elephant, the sun and moon in their cars drawn by oxen, the horse, the serpents, the spiral building, the tree, the six spheres, the five lakes, and the altar—all of which are represented on the foot. This list of symbolical allusions is recited by the priests, and forms an essential part of the ritual of worship. The Siamese priests say that any mortal about to arrive at the threshold of Nivân has his feet emblazoned spontaneously with all the symbols to be seen on the *phrabat*. I have seen a slab from Thibet differing materially from this. Impressions of two feet were carved upon it, each footsole being ornamented in the centre with a representation of the sun surrounded by a halo and by three concentric rings, and having one *fylfot* cross on the large toe, two *fylfot* crosses on the heel, and immediately below the toes a *fylfot* cross with a looped tau cross on either side. The tau cross, *crux ansata*, St. Anthony's cross, or the Swastica, is the commonest of all primitive symbols, being found almost everywhere. The Egyptian form of it has a loop or handle, exactly like our astronomical sign of Venus, and is called the "key of the Nile," or the "emblem of life." This is identical with the pattern incised on the footprints of Buddha in the East; and taken in connection with the representation of the sun on the same footprints, it must be held to symbolize the origin of life, and is always borne in the hands of the gods, or impressed upon objects connected with them.

The Siamese acknowledge only five genuine *phrabats* made by the actual feet of Buddha. They are called the five impressions of the divine foot. The first is on a rock on the coast of the peninsula of Malacca, where, beside the mark of Buddha's foot, there is also one of a dog's foot, which is much venerated by the natives. The second *phrabat* is on the Golden Mountain, the hill with the holy footstep of Buddha, in Siam, which Buddha visited on one occasion. The impression is that of the right foot, and is covered with a *maradop*, a pyramidal

canopy supported by gilded pilasters. The hollow of the footstep is generally filled with water, which the devotee sprinkles over his body to wash away the stain of his sin. The third phrabat is on a hill on the banks of the Jumna, in the midst of an extensive and deep forest, which spreads over broken ranges of hills. The phrabat is on a raised terrace, like that on which most of the Buddhist temples are built. The pyramidal structure which shelters it is of hewn stone ninety feet high, and is like the *baldachino* of a Roman Catholic church. There are four impressions on different terraces, each rising above the other, corresponding to the four descents of the deity. The fourth phrabat is also on the banks of the Jumna. But the fifth and most celebrated of all is the print of the sacred foot on the top of the Amala Sri Pada, or Adam's Peak, in Ceylon. On the highest point of this hill there is a pagoda-like building, supported on slender pillars, and open on every side to the winds. Underneath this canopy, in the centre of a huge mass of gneiss and hornblende, forming the living rock, there is the rude outline of a gigantic foot about five feet long, and of proportionate breadth.

Sir Emerson Tennent, who has given a full and interesting account of this last phrabat in his work on Ceylon, to which I am indebted for the following information, supposes that it was originally a natural hollow in the rock, afterwards artificially enlarged and shaped into its present appearance; but whatever may have been its origin at first, its present shape is undoubtedly of great, perhaps prehistoric, antiquity. In the sacred books of the Buddhists it is referred to, upwards of three hundred years before Christ, as the impression left of Buddha's foot when he visited the earth after the deluge, with gifts and blessings for his worshippers; and in the first century of the Christian era it is recorded that a king of Cashmere went on a pilgrimage to Ceylon for the express purpose of adoring this *sri pada*, or sacred footprint. The Gnostics of the first Christian centuries attributed it to Ieu, the first man; and in one of the oldest manuscripts in existence, now in the British Museum — the Coptic version of the "Faithful Wisdom," said to have been written by the great Gnostic philosopher Valentinus in the fourth century — there is mention made of this venerable relic, the Saviour being said to inform the Virgin Mary that he has appointed the spirit Kalapataroth as guardian over it. From

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the Gnostics the Mohammedans received the tradition; for they believe that when Adam was expelled from Paradise he lived many years on this mountain alone, before he was reunited to Eve on Mount Arafath, which overhangs Mecca. The early Portuguese settlers in the island attributed the sacred footprint to St. Thomas, who is said by tradition to have preached the gospel, after the ascension of Christ, in Persia and India, and to have suffered martyrdom at Malabar, where he founded the Christian Church which still goes by the name of the Christians of St. Thomas; and they believed that all the trees on the mountain, and for half a league round about its base, bent their crowns in the direction of this sacred object — a mark of respect which they affirmed could only be offered to the footstep of an apostle. The Brahmins have appropriated the sacred mark as the footprint of their goddess Siva. At the present day the Buddhists are the guardians of the shrine; but the worshippers of other creeds are not prevented from paying their homage at it, and they meet in peace and good-will around the object of their common adoration. By this circumstance the Christian visitor is reminded of the sacred footprint, already alluded to, on the rock of the Church of the Ascension on the Mount of Olives, which is part of a mosque, and has five altars for the Greek, Latin, Armenian, Syrian, and Coptic Churches, all of whom climb the hill on Ascension Day to celebrate the festival; the Mohammedans, too, coming in and offering their prayers at the same shrine. The worship paid on the mountain of the sacred foot in Ceylon consists of offerings of the crimson flowers of the rhododendron, which grow freely among the crags around, accompanied by various genuflexions and shoutings, and concluding with the striking of an ancient bell, and a draught from the sacred well which springs up a little below the summit. These ceremonies point to a very primitive mode of worship; and it is probable that, as Adam's Peak was venerated from a remote antiquity by the aborigines of Ceylon, being connected by them with the worship of the sun, the sacred footprint may belong to this prehistoric cult. Models of the footprint are shown in various temples in Ceylon.

Besides these five great phrabats, there are others of inferior celebrity in the East. In the P'hra Pathom of the Siamese, Buddha is said to have left impressions of his feet at Lauca and Chakravan. At Ava

there is a phrabat near Prome which is supposed to be a type of the creation. Another is seen in the same country on a large rock lying amidst the hills a day's journey west of Meinbu. Dr. Leyden says that it is in the country of the Lan that all the celebrated founders of the religion of Buddha are reported to have left their most remarkable vestiges. The traces of the sacred foot are sparingly scattered over Pegu, Ava, and Arracan. But among the Lan they are concentrated; and thither devotees repair to worship at the sacred steps of Pra Kukuson, Pra Konnakan, Pra Puttakatsop, and Pra Samutacadam.

The footsteps of Vishnu are also frequent in India. Sir William Jones tells us that in the Puranas mention is made of a white mountain on which King Sravana sat meditating on the divine foot of Vishnu at the station Trevirana. When the Hindoos entered into possession of Gayá—one of the four most sacred places of Buddhism—they found the popular feeling in favor of the sacred footprint there so strong, that they were obliged to incorporate the relic into their own religious system, and to attribute it to Vishnu. Thousands of Hindoo pilgrims from all parts of India now visit the shrine every year. Indeed to the worshippers of Vishnu the Temple of Vishnupad at Gayá is one of the most holy in all India; and, as we are informed in the great work of Dr. Mitra, the later religious books earnestly enjoin that no one should fail, at least once in his lifetime, to visit the spot. They commend the wish for numerous offspring on the ground that, out of the many, one son might visit Gayá, and by performing the rites prescribed in connection with the holy footstep, rescue his father from eternal destruction. The stone is a large, hemispherical block of granite, with an uneven top, bearing the carvings of two human feet. The frequent washings which it daily undergoes have worn out the peculiar sectorial marks which the feet contain, and even the outlines of the feet themselves are but dimly perceptible. English architects are now engaged in preserving the ruins of the splendid temple associated with this footprint, where the ministry of India's great teacher—the "Light of Asia"—began. In the Indian Museum at Calcutta there is a large slab of white marble bearing the figure of a human foot surrounded by two dragons. It was brought from a temple in Burmah, where it used to be worshipped as a representation of Buddha's foot. It

is seven inches long and three inches broad, and is divided into a hundred and eight compartments, each of which contains a different mystical mark.

At Gangautri, on the banks of the Ganges, is a wooden temple containing a footprint of Ganga on a black stone. In a strange subterranean temple, inside the great fort at Allahabad, there are two footprints of Vishnu, along with footprints of Rama, and of his wife Sita. In India the *kaddam rassul*, or supposed impression of Mohammed's foot in clay, which is kept moist, and enclosed in a sort of cage, is not infrequently placed at the head of the gravestones of the followers of Islam. On the summit of a mountain one hundred and thirty-six miles south of Bhagalpur is one of the principal places of Jain worship in India. On the table-land are twenty small Jain temples on different craggy heights, which resemble an extinguisher in shape. In each of them is to be found the *vasu padukas*—a sacred foot similar to that which is seen in the Jain temple at Champanagar. The sect of the Jain in South Bihar has two places of pilgrimage. One is a tank choked with weeds and lotus flowers, which has a small island in the centre containing a temple with two stones in the interior, on one of which is an inscription and the impression of the two feet of Gautama—the most common object of worship of the Jains in this district. The other is the place in the same part of the country where the body of Mahavira, one of the twenty-four lawgivers, was burnt about six centuries before Christ. It resembles the other temple, and is situated in an island in a tank. The island is terraced round, and in the cavity of the beehive-like top there is the representation of Mahavira's feet, to which crowds of pilgrims are continually flocking. In the centre of the Jain temple at Puri, where this most remarkable man died, there are also three representations of his feet, and one impression of the feet of each of his eleven disciples.

We have thus seen that footprints carved on rocks and stones are found in almost every part of the world. Many of them belong to a class of prehistoric sculptures equally ubiquitous, which have only recently been brought before the notice of the antiquarian world, and which as yet are involved in almost impenetrable mystery. The connection of prehistoric footprints with sacred sites and places of sepulture would indicate that they had a religious significance,—an idea still fur-

ther strengthened by the fact of their being frequently associated with holy wells and groves, and with cup-shaped marks on cromlechs or sacrificial altars, which are supposed to have been used for the purpose of receiving libations; while their universal distribution points to a hoary antiquity, when a primitive natural cultus spread over the whole earth, traces of which are found in every land, behind the more elaborate and systematic faith which afterwards took its place. They are probably among the oldest stone carvings that have been left to us, and were executed by rude races with rude implements either in the latter stone or early bronze age. Their subsequent dedication to holy persons in Christian times was in all likelihood only a survival of their original sacred use long ages after the memory of the particular rites and ceremonies connected with them passed away. A considerable proportion of the sacred marks are said to be impressions of the female foot, attributed to the Virgin Mary; and in this circumstance we may perhaps trace a connection with the worship of the receptive element in nature, which was also a distinctive feature of primitive religion. The hand was the male symbol, and was impressed upon various objects, — on the lintel or above the arch of the door, on the standard of the army, and even on the Christian cross, as a relic of one of the oldest of pagan symbols. The "sacred proof" of the sanctity of Nának, the founder of the Sikh sect in India, is the deeply indented mark of an outspread hand on a huge rock.

It is strange how traces of this primitive worship of footprints survive, not merely in the mythical stories and superstitious practices connected with the objects themselves, but also in curious rites and customs that at first sight might seem to have had no connection with them. The throwing of the shoe after a newly married couple is said to refer to the primitive mode of marriage by capture; but there is equal plausibility in referring it to the prehistoric worship of the footprint as the symbol of the powers of nature. To the same original source we may perhaps attribute the custom connected with the Levirate law in the Bible, when the woman took off the shoe of the kinsman who refused to marry her, whose name should be afterwards called in Israel "the house of him that hath his shoe loosed." In regard to the general subject, it may be said that we can discern in the primitive adoration of footprints a somewhat advanced stage

in the religious thoughts of man. He has got beyond total ignorance and unconsciousness concerning God, and beyond totemism or the mere worship of natural objects — trees, streams, stones, animals, etc. He has reached the conception of a deity who is of a different nature from the objects around him, and whose place of abode is elsewhere. He worships the impression of the foot for the sake of the being who left it; and the impression helps him to realize the presence and to form a picture of his deity. That deity is not a part of nature, because he can make nature plastic to his tread, and leave his footprint on the hard rock as if it were soft mud. He thinks of him as the author and controller of nature, and for the first time rises to the conception of a supernatural being.

From Belgravia.

MORNING CALLS IN THE WEST COUNTRY.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MRS. PIDGEON, *alias* THE MISSUS.

Wife of Isaac Pidgeon, small farmer. Harsh-featured, strong-minded, rather rough-tongued.

BETSY PIDGEON

Elderly Spinster. Sister to Isaac. Frail-looking and slow of speech.

MRS. COLLINS.

A neighbor. Plump and easy-going.

THE RECTOR OF THE PARISH.

SCENE.

A farmhouse kitchen of rustic description. Betsy Pidgeon seated on an old settle near the open hearth (whereon burns a wood fire, with a kettle suspended above it), making "turkeys' tails" on a Honiton lace pillow. The Missus and Mrs. Collins seated by a round table, the former darning a huge blue and white stocking, the latter, in bonnet and shawl, sipping a glass of elder-flower wine.

THE MISSUS. There, I takes it uncommon kind of 'ee to come all this way, Mis' Collins. I 'opes'ee won't be tired gin you reaches 'ome.

MRS. COLLINS. No, thank 'ee, missis. For all I bain't so spry as I used to was, I can git along middlin' if I takes my time. So long as 'tis livel walking — I can't go gin 'ill, *that's* where I fails.

THE MISSUS. Wull, there, you bain't so slim as you used to was, nother.

MRS. COLLINS (*chuckling*). No, that's what Collins says. When I complains to my breath, 'e sess-ss'e,* "Why luk-a-see 'ow stout you'm a-growd; you can't expect no other." There, I be right glad to see Betsy lookin' so much better.

* He says says he.

THE MISSUS. Ees, I was afeared myself 'er was gittin' in a quare way, but there 'er've a-turned around agen, though 'er ain't much to boast of, not eet. Folks 'as bin turrible kind to 'er whiles 'er've bin ill. Parson, 'e've a-called constant, an' Squire's lady've a-bin over dree vour times with some jelly or some such little itoming thing vor she to make use of. An' 'pon my word 'twas a blessing vor me when 'er done it, vor Betsy, 'er was that fancical, I didn't know what to git vor 'er.

BETSY. I 'adden' a bit o' appetite to nothin'. But gin it comed in unexpected-like, I was able to picky a bit. There was some days I couldn' 'a' dranked a cup o' tay, not if you give me ivver so.

MRS. COLLINS. Then I'll be bound you was real bad. 'Tis what I mostly cares about. If so be I feels a bit poorly-like I sots down an' 'aves a cup o' tay, and I sim it revives me up agen. Ince I turn's agen my tay I knaws 'tis time to send for doctor.

THE MISSUS. You should year Squire's lady rade. 'Er's the butifullest rader ivver you seed. 'Taint vurry many passons would bate she, I'll be bound there isn'.

BETSY. 'Er sots down an' rades a chapter an' then 'er propully tulls me the signification.

THE MISSUS. Then there was the young minister, the coorate or what they calls un, 'e come an' rade to 'er backlong when the parson was away some place.

MRS. COLLINS. 'E's a vurry nice ginleman. The boys be ivver so much took up wi' un down to schule.

THE MISSUS. Ees, I a'n't got nothin' to say 'gainst un. 'E seemed to be vurry kind an' feeling-earted, but Betsy, 'er simm'd 'er didn't take to 'is rading so well's some.

BETSY. 'E gits out 'is words so spry, gin I've a found out what 'e's rading 'bout 'e's to the end of the chapter pretty nigh I be worried to 'earken to un.

THE MISSUS. I was shocking an' poorly myself, sure enough, a day or two gone. Spose I must 'ave catched a bit of a cold someways, for I was tookt all of a cream, an' my inside shaked like a apsen leaf. I simm'd I could 'a' died right off one time, an' the maister — I'll warrant it giv'd 'e a cold she-ake, for 'e's always so timid-like.

MRS. COLLINS. Did 'ee send for doctor?

THE MISSUS. Bluss 'ee, no. I baint one of them as goes to doctor for ivry little itom. I tull 'ee what I done, I dranked a cup of 'arb tay that avening, an' next day I send an' 'ad a penn'orth o'

tinker rhubarb down to shop, an' that soon done me good.

MRS. COLLINS. I be vurry partial to they there infor-mation pills what you buys to the chimist's. They done me a sight o' good when I was so poorly backlong. An' I most always keeps a little vile bottle full o' brandy in 'ouse in case any one gets tookt ill of a suddent-like. 'Tis so far to send for anything.

BETSY (*shaking her head feelingly*). I've tookt a power o' medicine lately.

THE MISSUS. Doctor 've a-changed 'er medicine agen a-Toosday. That's what 'e's a-givin' of 'er now (*rising and taking a bottle from the dresser*). 'Tis bitter, sure enough.

MRS. COLLINS (*uncorking the bottle, smelling, and tasting the contents*). That's something strengthening, you might depend. (*Reads*) "A tablespoonful to be taken three times a day."

THE MISSUS. Ees, that's ince the boy rades un. I baint no scholar, nor the maister nother. There, what's the good o' buke-larning to folks as 'aves to work 'ard for their living? They makes a parcel o' talk nowadays 'bout youngsters gettin' eddication, or what they calls un, but I'm sure I don't know what good it doos 'em 'cept to make 'em too 'igh for their work.

MRS. COLLINS. 'Tis wonderful the way they gits 'em on though, down to school. There's my 'Arry, I sure 'ee, 'e'll sot down an' write a letter the parson 'isself needn't to be ashamed of. 'E do, sure.

THE MISSUS. 'Taint vurry many letters we wants a-wrote, an' when us do th' old Job 'Ilman, 'e comes an' doos un for us. 'E's vurry clever with 's pen, Job is. There's the maister's brother Bill, over to Murrikee — they tulls me 'tis more 'n twelve thousands o' miles away.

MRS. COLLINS. Ees, 'tis a long way, I know, but they says 'tis a fine country once you gits there.

THE MISSUS. 'E've a bin gone, must be five years come Lady Day. 'E writes 'ome reg'lar, the most butifullest letters ivver you see, an' th' old Job, 'e answers un for us. 'E be a vurry righteous chap, Bill be, so th' old Job writes righteous to 'e.

MRS. COLLINS. An' what do 'ee year 'bout this 'ere new butcher what's taken on Butcher Bennett's business? Do 'e seem to be gittin' along middlin'?

THE MISSUS. Ees, I ain't a-yeared no other. The maister sold un some sheep t'other day, an' 'e found un vurry upright an' straight down in 's dalings.

MRS. COLLINS. They tulls me 'tain't what 'e was a-brought to, not butcherin' isn'. Some says 'e was a baker's man 'fore 'e come 'ere.

THE MISSUS. Ees, so they says. But 'er was a butcher's daughter, an' 'e was a good onderstander, an' they'd scraped a bit o' money together, so when they year'd tull on this 'ere business they didn' see why they shouldn' make un answer so well's another. 'E seems to be a vurry tractable kind of a man. I've a-zeed un iver so busy about of a market-day ince I've been int' town with the butter an' eggs.

MRS. COLLINS. What a sight o' dry weather us 'ave 'ad lately, a'n't us? Collins, 'e sess ss'e there won't be a bit o' corn a-sowed, but I tulls un 'e's allis a-grumbling at something or 'nother.

THE MISSUS. Men allis is, my dear, 'tis the way with 'em. First 'tis too much an' then 'tis too little. As I says to the maister, "Why can't 'ee be thankful wi' what you've a-got, i'stead of allis wanting what the Lord ain't seen fit to give 'ee?"

BETSY. 'Tis he knows best for sure. An' what butiful opple season us 'ave 'ad, Mis' Collins!

THE MISSUS. Ees, I a'n't had such a nice lot o' wurd opples* I don't know when. An' the 'taties be uncommon good this year.

MRS. COLLINS. So they be, my dear. Us 'aves a many things to be thankful for when us comes to look around. An' so 'tis most times.

THE MISSUS. I was tulling 'bout going up to the minister's bum-bye in the dumps, vor to ax un about a bit o' money o' Betsy's.

MRS. COLLINS. Do 'e 'old it in 'is 'ands then?

THE MISSUS. Why no, not ezzackly, but 'e puts un in the bank for 'er. 'E's 'ead concain or manager, or what they calls un in these parts, an' sends un to Plymouth or some place.

MRS. COLLINS. Why don't 'er putten in at the Post Office? That's what my man doos when 'e've a-got a shilling to spare.

THE MISSUS. Why, 'tis nothin' but a parcel o' youngsters to look after un there. I'd sooner by 'alf keep un in an old stocking. But the minister, 'e's vurry civil an' obliging, an' 'er carr's un up a shilling or two to a time, ince 'er can scrape un together.

* Hoard apples.

BETSY (*uneasily*). There, Missus, you ain't got no call vor to go and tull all the world about un.

THE MISSUS. Bluss 'ee, my dear, Mis' Collins won't say nothin' to nobody. I ain't a-told 'er 'ow much you've a-got, nother. 'Er be allis so fearsome.

MRS. COLLINS. I'll kep un snug, Betsy, don't you be afeared. I knaws what the world's like. There, you ain't laid by much, I'll be bound, ince you've bin so poorly-like.

BETSY (*shaking her head*). No, Mis' Collins, that I a'n't. I a'n't sarved sixpence to my lace-pill' this two months. Gin I've a-paid doctor an' one thing an' t'other, 'twon't be vurry much savings 'll be a-leff. Not more'n enough to burry me, I'll warrant.

THE MISSUS. That's why I be goin' to parson's for. 'Er gived un notice vor to draw out some money a week ago, an' 'e promised to git un vor 'er, an' us ain't year'd nothin' on un since.

MRS. COLLINS. What time be goin' up thin?

THE MISSUS. Why, there, I shouldn't wonder if 'tis six o'clock pretty nigh, gin I've a-milky-d an' washed up the tay-things an' cleaned myself a bit.

MRS. COLLINS. Do 'ee allis milky yerself?

THE MISSUS. Why ees, my dear, I can't leff un to the boy. He's a reg'lar young rapsalion as iver you sot eyes on. 'E bain't so impident-like as the last, but there ain't no dependence to be placed on un. Why there, I can't trist un to sarve the pigs propully without I be allis after un, let alone milking. 'Tis less trouble by 'alf to do a thing yerself than what 'tis to get they youngsters to do it. Hullo then, Betsy, what be staring at?

BETSY (*whispering*). 'Tis the minister. I zeed un go past the window.

THE MISSUS (*in a tone of bracing severity*). Wull then, did 'ee niver zee un before? Why don't 'ee go an' open the door vor un, i'stead o' looking so scared-like?

[*Tap at the door. THE MISSUS opens it. Enter an elderly clergyman, hat in hand.*]

THE RECTOR (*shaking hands*). Well, Mrs. Pidgeon, how are you to-day? (*rubs his shoes on the mat.*)

THE MISSUS. I be middlin', thank'ee, sir. 'Ope I sees you the same.

THE RECTOR. Ah, Mrs. Collins! (*shaking hands*) I didn't know I should find you here. How's Collins?

MRS. COLLINS (*dropping a curtesy*). He's nicely, sir, thank'ee, without 'tis the rheumatics. I sim you'm looking up 'earty, sir?

THE RECTOR. I am quite well, thank you, Mrs. Collins. Why, Betsy, you've got back to the lace-pillow again. Come, that's a good sign.

BETSY (*hurriedly and nervously*). Wull, sir, you ain't a-sent me my money, not eet.

THE RECTOR. Why, I sent you a cheque for it a week ago, Betsy.

BETSY. Why there, there *was* a maiden comed one day an' leaved a bit o' paper done up in a henvelope, but I didn' sim as 'ow *that* could be any good, an' the missus 'er putten in thic there little ole cracked tay-pot.

THE RECTOR. Well, I'm glad you've kept it safe, for that's your money, Betsy.

THE MISSUS (*goes to the dresser and begins to fumble in the cracked tea-pot*). I knaws 'tis 'ere somewhere, under the maister's snuff. (*Lifts out a packet of snuff*). 'Ere 'tis — no, 'tain't, 'tis some of they there worritting tax papers what's always a-coming. There, this must be it. No, 'tain't, 'pon my word — 'tis Mr. Whatthey-call-un's ray-ceipts for the rent. 'Tis always the way — what you'm wanting 's safe to get to the bottom. 'Ere 'tis, sir, come to last. (*Brings over a crumpled cheque*.)

THE RECTOR. Yes, that's it, Mrs. Pidgeon. (*Takes it and smooths it out*). That's the savings-bank cheque, with my name written on the back. Now, Betsy, all you have to do is to give this to Isaac, and let him take it to the bank here, and they'll give him the money for you.

THE MISSUS. Wull, I niver! who'd a thought they'd a give so much for a bit o' paper like that? What they wants un vor 'passes me. What do they make with un, sir, do 'ee know?

THE RECTOR. Oh, they don't make anything, Mrs. Pidgeon; they pass it into the savings bank and get the money back again.

MRS. COLLINS. I sims 'tis a quare cairn like, first a-buying an' then a-sulling. There, I s'pose they be like the middlemen an' makes a profit in betwixt somewhere.

THE RECTOR. Well, Betsy, I think you're looking brisker than when I saw you last.

BETSY. An' so I be, sir. I be so much better, sir, I can't be too thankful. An' I *bain't* too thankful, nother (*with pious emphasis*).

THE MISSUS. 'Er was turrible whaisy to 'er chist t'other night, an' 'er cough was that bad I simm'd 'er'd ave been propully chucked. So I jist makes a little vuther pill an' claps un on. 'E kept 'er warm-like an' done 'er a power o' good, didn' 'er, Betsy? If so be *you* gits a bit whaisy to yer chist, sir, any time, you can't do nothin' better nor that. I sim 'tis a wonder if you bain't, 'pon times, a-tullin' so long up to church of a Sinday.

MRS. COLLINS. I s'pose, sir, you'm so used to it you don't take a bit o' notice.

THE RECTOR. And how is Mary getting on in her place, Mrs. Collins? You told me Elizabeth was going to see her.

MRS. COLLINS. Ees, sir, an' so 'er did a week agone last Sinday, an' tookt 'er a noo frock an' some opples.

THE RECTOR. Ah, both welcome presents. And was she quite well?

MRS. COLLINS. Ees, 'Lizabeth said 'er was looking up uncommon well an' growed quite stout. 'Er seemed to be rather dispressed in spurrits, but 'Lizabeth perswared me not to take no notice, for 'er simm'd maybe 'twas weaning away from 'ome.

BETSY. 'Tis strange like at first for 'er, poor maid. 'Er'll feel more 'omely after a bit.

MRS. COLLINS. Ees, that's what 'er father says. 'E sess-s's-e, "Let 'er alone till 'er've had time to pitch like." I sim 'tis in 'er nature to be a bit moody-'earted — 'er always ivver was when 'er was little — niver wasn't 'alf so spurrity as 'Lizabeth.

THE RECTOR. I dare say she will soon get to feel more settled. She has a good place and a good mistress.

MRS. COLLINS. Oh ees, sir, they be all vurry kind to 'er, an' 'er missus giv'd 'er a vurry good character.

THE MISSUS. 'Tis better for 'er by 'alf to be out to live, than what 'twould be to bide 'ome. I ain't no patience with folks as keeps their maidens 'anging about, learning no good an' gittin' idle ways. Bluss 'ee, I warn't 'alf so big 's Mary when I went to Farmer Potter's, an' 'ard enough I 'ad to work, too, but it done me no 'arm.

BETSY. 'Tis what they always says to a farm 'ouse — the work's niver done.

THE MISSUS. Wull there, 'ard work don't 'urt nobody, though 'tain't much *you* knaws 'bout it, Betsy, a sitting to yer lace-pill' all the blussed day. Maidens learns things different too, when they'm out to live, an' they'm glad enough of it, gin they comes to 'ave a 'ome of their own. If so

be the maister's sister 'ad sent 'er maid to service 'twould 'a' been a deal better for she now.

THE RECTOR. Ah, what about that young couple? Are they getting on better?

THE MISSUS. Wull, sir, they bean't no great shakes. They'm like two great babies, that's ince they be. Ain't got a bit of idee 'bout managing, nother one on 'em. They jist luts the wind blow whichever way it's a mind to. That's what I be always a-tulling 'em, they arns a penny an' they wastis a shillin'.

MRS. COLLINS. 'Tis a pity, sure-ly. They'm nice young people, too, an' a vurry devotive couple.

THE MISSUS (*impatiently*). What good 'll that do 'em if they ain't got no 'eadpiece between 'em? Soft words won't keep the pot biling, let alone paying the rent. They be ivver so far be'ind, an' they'll be turned out of their place some day, without they minds what they be 'bout. The lan'lord was vurry chouty with 'em t'other day when 'e called, an' they 'adden but a foo shillins to giv un. He tulled 'em 'e simm'd 'twas too much of a place for 'em, an' ev that isn' broad manings I don't know what is.

THE RECTOR. But this is very sad, Mrs. Pidgeon. Are they extravagant, do you think?

THE MISSUS. Why, 'tis like this, sir. If they wants any little thing they 'aves un, an' that don't do for poor folks.

MRS. COLLINS. No, sure; the money soon flies.

THE MISSUS. An' there ain't a bit o' management. Their things be all to a miz-maze, an' I reckon there ain't no count made of odds an' ends. I minds what my old missus used to say, "'Tis the littles that doos it." I've thought upon them words many's the time, when I've made a shift to do without some little itom or 'nother.

THE RECTOR. Yes, they are wise words, and I wish the poor young things may lay them to heart. I hear you have had another wedding in the family, Mrs. Pidgeon. One of your nieces, is it?

THE MISSUS. Ees, 'tis Rebekah, sir. They was married on Sinday — leastways, I a'n't a-yearred but what they was. They niver seen each other afore, 'cept by writing, but 'e's sister an' 'er was feller-servants together, an' that was 'ow they was brought acquainted. 'Er comed over to see me one day last week, an' 'er was looking up uncommon 'earty. I tookt it vurry kind of 'er, an' I gived 'er some op-

ples to carr' away in 'er ridicule. Rale butiful grasies, warn't they, Betsy?

BETSY (*smacking her lips*). Ees, that they was, buties.

THE MISSUS. I gived 'er some gude advice, too. "Smite un down to once, my dear," I says — "smite un down to once. Gin a man once takes the bit in 's teeth you'll niver git un back in 'arness agen." Why there's the maister. I teacht un 'is place from the vurry first, an' 'e's as mild as a lamb, isn' 'er, Betsy? "Smite un down to once."

BETSY. They tells me as 'ow t'other maiden's liking to be married sune, too.

THE RECTOR. Indeed!

MRS. COLLINS. What, Kezia, my dear?

THE MISSUS. Ees, so they says. 'Er was keeping company backlong with a youngster in the farming line what lives up 'andy 'er father's, but 'is fam'ly sots theirselves up so 'igh, they simm'd 'er warn't good enough for un, an' they kicked up such a stoor about un that 'twas all broke off. But 'e've a-bin after 'er agen lately, so Rebekah says, an' what with 'is 'oaxing, an' what with 'is coaxing, 'e've a-brought un on agen.

THE RECTOR. And is he a good young man?

THE MISSUS. Ees, sir, I a'n't a-yearred no otherways. They tulls me 'e keeps 'isself vurry stiddy an' ezzact, an' minds 'is church reg'lar. An' 'er's a nice 'andy maiden, vurry way-wise an' onderstanding, an' 'er'll make un a gude wife for all 'er baint so grand as some folks.

THE RECTOR (*with a smile, rising*). Well, we must hope he will make her a good husband, without the smiting-down process. I must wish you good-day, Mrs. Pidgeon. Remember me to Isaac. And, Betsy, take care of the cheque. I am glad to see the turkeys' tails out again — that looks something like recovery. Good-bye, Mrs. Collins. (*Shakes hands all round and exit.*)

MRS. COLLINS. 'Tis time I was tulling 'bout going 'ome too, but I'll just bide a minute or two to give un the start.

THE MISSUS. Bluss'ee, you needn' to be afear'd of overtaking 'e. Why 'e's so spry as any young man — niver lets the grass grow under 'e's feet.

MRS. COLLINS. 'E's a pleasant-spoken ginleman as ivver you wish to meet. Always a kind word for anybody.

BETSY (*emphatically*). So 'e is, Mis' Collins, an' a gude one too, you might depend. 'Tain't no fault of 'e's if us baint all ezzackly what us oughter. Why, that isn' niver the maister a-ready?

THE MISSUS. Ees, 'tis, I years un out to the back. Must be vour o'clock pretty nigh.

MRS. COLLINS (*with a start, looking at the clock*). Mussy, so 'tis! An' 'ere be I sotting so calm's anything. Dear, dear, 'ow the time 'ave slipped away!

THE MISSUS. It always ivver do, I sim, where there's a parcel o' talking. There, Mis' Collins, you needn' to be in sich 'urry. Better to stop a little longer.

MRS. COLLINS (*draining her wineglass and rising*). No, my dear, thank'ee, 'tis time I was away now — Collins, 'e'll be lookin' for 'is tay, an' the boys'll be comin' 'ome from schule, an' they'll be settin' the p'liceman to look for me gin I bides away much longer (*chuckling*). I ain't spend such a pleasant afternoon this ivver so long.

THE MISSUS. Wull, there, why don't 'ee look in a bit oftener? You be always welcome.

MRS. COLLINS. Ees, you'm vurry kind. But there, nobody knows better'n you, Missus, that when a woman's got 'er 'ouse to mind, 'er ain't got too much time to go gadding about.

THE MISSUS. No, that's true enough, without 'er wants to find everything upsy down an' backsy fore an' all to a mis-maze gin 'er gits back agen. Wull, good-bye, Mis' Collins. I'm sure we'm much obliged to 'ee for callin', an' I 'opes you'll reach 'ome in safety. Good-bye.

[*The curtain falls on a chorus of good-byes and a general hand shaking.*]

F. J. TRISTRAM.

From All The Year Round.

THE CROWN DIAMONDS OF FRANCE.

A MYSTERY still hangs around the history of precious stones. The dim uncertainty which veils their origin, and, above all, the utter ignorance in which after four thousand years of research and study the wisest men amongst the human race still remain with regard to the purpose for which they were created, invests them with a weird interest peculiar to themselves. Something like awe is always combined with the astonishment with which we contemplate a specimen of the diamond, and are bidden to express admiration at its beauty and value. Science will tell us that it is nothing more than a compound of silicate, soda, and magnesium; and yet the learned Professor Des-

prés, the greatest chemist of our day, spent whole months in manipulating these ingredients without being able to produce a single spark indicative of success in producing the diamond by artificial means. He was so indignant at being baffled in his research, that he was fain to confess to his pupils in the lecture-room that he was almost inclined to agree with a certain learned Hebrew professor who affirms that all precious stones, and the diamond in particular, still belong to the dominion of Satan. "In the beginning," says he, "God created all things upon this earth for the benefit of mankind, but Satan, being driven from his domination over earth's surface, still maintains his hold over all things which lie below. Thus gold and silver have tempted men to infamy, lead and iron to murder and warfare, sulphur and carbon to swift destruction of God's image in the human race. Now, worse than all this — for these hidden substances can but destroy the body — it will be found that every precious gem extracted from the earth has power to destroy the soul, being invested with a portion of the still unblest soul of the earth itself, where it has lain concealed from the beginning of all time, and is still subjected to the power of the Evil One. The diamond in particular is accounted amongst the surest weapons for wreaking vengeance on the human race, and Satan never fails to make it serve his purpose whenever a fitting opportunity presents itself in the weakness or wickedness of man or woman kind." And surely it would seem as if there were some truth in the assertion, when we turn to the record of the murders, the mutilations, the horrible tortures inflicted by tyrants to obtain possession of the baubles which, save for the false value attributed to them through human vanity, would be found worthless in themselves.

The strange idea expressed by many ancient writers that all precious stones have an especial will of their own, which, when exercised, has been found more powerful than the human will itself, and will bring a blessing or a curse to the possessor according to their own caprice and pleasure, has been encouraged in some degree by the examples which have occurred in the history of France.

The diamond necklace of Marie Antoinette which led to the French Revolution, the diamond seal with which Louis Seize stamped his adherence to the Constitution proposed by the insurgent authorities on that memorable 16th of August, when the

king donned the red cap of liberty, have both disappeared. The necklace was broken up, so it is surmised, and taken to Russia, where it still exists, but concealed by the family to whom it had been entrusted. The seal fell from the king's trembling hand after it had pressed the wax upon the parchment. It rolled upon the carpet and was never found, although the dazzling brilliancy of the diamonds which surrounded the cornelian centre should have rendered it visible enough upon that hot and broiling afternoon, with the August sun streaming through the windows.

The Regent diamond has surely brought ill-luck enough to its possessors. They say that Governor Pitt, who acquired it from the Indian native who had murdered the sentinel priest set to watch the idol whose sacred countenance it had adorned for many generations, had been warned of its evil influence, but would not believe the superstition until he discovered that each time he wore it some dire misfortune was sure to happen to his family. There be many people in Paris who will persist in attributing the disasters which beset the French empire to the sinister influence of the jewel. The empress Eugénie wore it on her forehead at the private banquet given at the Tuilleries on the occasion of the emperor's departure for the frontier. A *pouche d'honneur* was offered to his Majesty by the officers of the staff, in imitation of the simple custom observed in the French army when a subaltern is promoted to a higher rank. The ceremony was strictly private—beyond the military officers none but the most intimate friends had been invited—the artist who had done honor to various conspicuous acts of the emperor's government, the Oriental savant who had shed lustre on the glories of the opening of the Canal of Suez, the poet who had celebrated the deeds of the imperial reign, and one or two other celebrities who had attached their fortunes to the imperial court. But the empress, with feminine impulse, willing to do all honor to the enterprise which was to cover the empire with its crowning glory in the defeat of the Prussian army, had attired herself in full court dress, a robe of green brocade—the color of hope, according to French tradition—and had adorned herself with the finest diamonds, amongst which the Regent of course stood prominent. It surmounted the great brilliant eagle on her bosom. The Orientalist gazed upon it with knitted brow and puzzled counte-

nance, trying to remember the Indian legend connected with the gem. He had only recently been studying the meaning of its Hindostani name, disguised as it is by a double signification, and was struck by the idea that it should be called *L'œil du Diable*—the Devil's eye. This was the last time the Regent was ever worn, and it was consigned to its place amongst the state jewels that night, with the anticipation of its being soon required on the emperor's return.

Yet, notwithstanding all the gloomy traditions connected with the crown diamonds of France, they are, it is said, to be put up to auction—to be sold, in short, to the highest bidder. What man will be bold enough to purchase the insignia of royalty, with which have been associated in men's minds through long generations the grandeur and glory of France? Who will dare to bid for the Regent? The very announcement of the sale in the *Moniteur* was received with indignation by the royalists of every class throughout the country. It seemed like the last farewell to all hope for restoration of the court, the first opening of the new era of vulgarity and violence which had so long been dreaded. It had been at first imagined that the advertisement in the *Moniteur* had been put forth as a feeler, merely to ascertain the temper of the people, until the reality of the threat became evident by the public exhibition of the jewels in the Salle des Etats, in the Louvre. And, sure enough, there the diamonds were displayed in due array. The species of cage in which they were enclosed was let into the wall, and the recess was hung with violet velvet drapery. This was artistically distributed on three broad shelves covered with the same material, so as to throw back the flame and flash of the gems with a fierceness and brilliancy that no other color could have power to convey. A glass case enveloped the whole, and, for safety's sake, a row of iron bars prevented the visitor from approaching too near the gorgeous show. The velvet-covered stand on which the jewels reclined was made to sink through a trap door into the flooring, and at the terrible words, so dreaded of artists in the picture-gallery, when uttered in a stentorian voice by the guardian, "Messieurs, on fer-rme!" the whole display vanished as if by magic, the clinking of a second iron grating giving notice of the existence of additional security beneath the floor.

The objects exhibited were comparatively few in number. The most precious

of the jewels in the eye of the antiquarian — those which belonged to the ancient queens of France, and emphatically denominated *le trésor de France* — were presented by the city of Paris to the Duchess d'Angoulême on her marriage, perhaps by way of compensation for the martyrdom of her parents, and as token of forgiveness of the injuries she had been made to suffer by the donors. The Duchess d'Angoulême never wore them. She sold them at a later period to foreign dealers, and the money was invested in Austrian bonds to constitute a marriage portion for the Count de Chambord.

Most of the jewels once belonging to Josephine and Marie Louise were reset for the empress Eugénie, who revived the taste for jewelled ornaments which had lain dormant during the reign of Louis Philippe. And it was the empress Eugénie who had all the honors of the present collection. The necklaces, principally composed of the gems belonging to the different orders conferred upon the great Napoleon by the sycophantic foreign sovereigns of his day, were gracefully arranged in festoons upon the first tier of the show-stand. All those worn at the different state balls at the Tuileries during the empire were there, save the one given by the emperor to his fair bride on the morning of their marriage, in which appeared the famous emeralds bought of Don Pedro as a surprise for the beautiful Eugénie. It was rumored that this necklace had been subtracted from the collection long before the fall of the empire, and had remained quietly slumbering in her Majesty's jewel-case until it was brought to England, where the emeralds were taken from their setting and sold. Upon the necklace stand blazed forth the famous diamond girdle which at the time of its appearance set all Paris by the ears, in mad dispute as to the propriety or indiscretion of the publicity given to its manufacture. The design of this tremendous piece of workmanship was furnished by the celebrated actress, Mlle. Desclauzas, for whom the original was made to wear in the "*Biche au Bois*," at the Porte St. Martin. It is, perhaps, one of the finest things of the kind ever produced. On the tier above came the eight coronets, of divers fashions, all of them composed of jewels of the first water, and the setting of most finished execution. The legend goes that these coronets were made to wear on each succeeding day during the festivities given on their Majesties' progress through the eastern prov-

inces of France. Here also were the various shapes of the queenly crown as worn by the female sovereigns of France, from that worn upon the plaited hair of the good Queen Blanche, to that which adorned the powdered wig of Marie Antoinette.

On the topmost tier of all was laid the famous Regent. All visitors were attracted at once by its magnetic power. It seemed to possess a vitality peculiar to itself — to stare, and sometimes fiercely flash, almost blinding the beholder with its sudden glare. The Regent, beheld sideways, seemed now and then to possess a wondrous expression of malignity — the very realization of the Devil's eye — too fierce and glittering to be gazed upon; catching the light upon its facets and sending back sparks which appeared to fly all round — upon the floor, and on the ceiling, and the walls — the prismatic brilliancy leaping from one spot to another, according as the sun's rays shot through the lofty casements of the Salle; then, as suddenly, the Devil's eye would seem to close, as if in weariness, and all was dull with the dulness of the film spread over a blind man's eyes, opaque and white. A passing cloud had gone over the sun, and the lustre was diminished, leaving but the cold, hard light upon its surface.

Many people who remembered the "Eugénie" diamond, bought by Napoleon the Third to be worn as a clasp to the great emerald necklace, were puzzled to find it absent from the collection. They were told that this diamond, which once belonged to the empress Catherine, who gave it to Prince Potemkin, was bought by the emperor from one of the prince's descendants, and paid for out of his own private funds, therefore it could not be considered as belonging to the crown. This diamond had been purchased as consort to the Regent, in consequence of the strange superstition which tells us that diamonds are apt to wax dim and lose their lustre if left to pine in solitude; so together had they been made to shine, the one at the throat, the other on the bosom or the forehead of the empress on every great state occasion. This gem was sold in London to the Guicowar of Baroda, who is supposed, by the way, to have disposed of it, no one knows to whom, as all trace of it has disappeared, English visitors to his Highness never having beheld it.

So firm is the belief among the people of Paris that the crown diamonds will never be parted, that very few persons

believe in their dispersion by the auctioneer. It was thought that this public exhibition was only one of the strange adventures to which they have been subjected by fate, that all will come right again one of these days, and that they will be restored to their rank once more as guardians of the outward glory of the throne.

But a stranger adventure than any of those known to the public has befallen the crown diamonds of France. It is this adventure which gives some coloring to the idea of the occult power of volition in the diamond, which the will of man has never been able either to direct or suppress.

It was a rare hot day in July when the Revolution of 1830 broke out — so hot, indeed, that every window of the Palace of St. Cloud, where the royal family had for some weeks past been "taking the fresh," as the French call it, was thrown back wide open to admit the air, and the view of the brilliant ceremony of inspecting the battalion stationed at St. Cloud by the Duc d'Angoulême would therefore be enjoyed to the full extent by the inmates of the château. The king had remained at the Tuileries, in order to receive a few troublesome counsellors who would insist on disturbing him with their childish fears of the result which might ensue from the rising of the people, which had been anticipated in consequence of the Ordonnances. Any danger to the government was laughed to scorn, and in spite of all warning from those who knew the temper of the Paris mob, the court had treated the popular discontent as a mere trifling outburst to be easily quelled by "quelques coups de cravache," for these were the exact words uttered by the Duc d'Angoulême when news reached him that the fighting had begun. He was at the moment in the very act of buckling on his sword to go down to review the troops in the park, and would have thought it quite beneath his dignity to occupy himself with the doings of the canaille.

In the oval-shaped sea-green boudoir overlooking the park, was seated the Duchess d'Angoulême, with a *dame d'honneur* standing wearily behind her chair. Now and then her royal highness would gaze impatiently at the clock upon the console, and tap impatiently with her foot as if in annoyance. Her eyes would stray over the greensward of the park, where the troops were parading in all their bravery before the duke, and she would start impatiently as the word of command, ut-

tered in the hoarse military shout of the officer, broke the stillness. The cause of this disturbance of spirit lay in the want of punctuality in the attendance of the painter Dubois-Drahonet, who had been appointed to finish her portrait for the Hotel de Ville at three o'clock, and it was already seven minutes past that time — a negligence of royal commands which would need most serious reprimand. The easel stood ready in one corner of the boudoir — the unfinished picture may still be seen in one of the upper galleries of Versailles. When the quarter struck from the clock, the duchess began to frown with displeasure. But just then, the door opened suddenly, and the *huissier de service*, pale as death, appeared, and in a trembling voice announced the arrival of the painter. The poor fellow had evidently something more to say, but the habitual respect and fear of royalty kept him silent. There was a scuffling and whispering outside the door — an unwarranted commotion which made the duchess frown ominously as she half rose to her feet in deprecation of the strange breach of palace discipline indicated by the sound. The painter himself seemed also to have forgotten all etiquette; he rushed in with hurried step, and made his obeisance without the usual awe-stricken expression — then strode over to his easel, and drawing it aside with a sudden jerk, forgot amid his confusion the usual ceremony of humbly begging permission to move. His countenance was absolutely distorted with alarm, and the perspiration stood in huge drops upon his brow. His toilet was, however, strangely discomposed — his coat shining with wet as though he had been drenched. It was some time before he could collect breath enough to apologize for the delay in his attendance. He had been detained by an accident on the road — had experienced some difficulty in obtaining a vehicle, etc., etc., and all this while laboring under such strong emotion that the haughtiness of the duchess was softened, and she exclaimed, in that hoarse, gruff, manly voice of hers, meaning to be good-natured: "Why, what in the world has happened to you, monsieur? You must have taken a header" — *piqué une tête* were the words — "in the Seine as you came along!" The nervous excitement of the poor painter was so great that instead of replying and telling the truth, he actually stared fixedly at her royal highness, and burst into tears. The worthy princess could not choose but imagine that this display of sensibility

most of a certainty be caused by extreme emotion at having been thus familiarly spoken to by herself, and being in a good-natured frame of mind resulting from her own harmless little joke, made sign to her dame d'honneur to allow the painter time to compose himself, and turned once more to the balcony to look down upon the park, where the duke was still watching the manœuvring and marching of the battalion of St. Cloud. Not a soul in the whole of that vast palace would have dared to tell her royal highness that the painter had been compelled to get his coat thoroughly washed and sponged from the blood and brains of the soldier who had been shot dead at the barrier just as he had passed through. But the gods evidently afflict not only with blindness, but with deafness also, those on whose ruin they are bent, and while the poor deluded princess heard not the distant clamoring, and was wondering as she looked out towards Paris what could occasion such a strange, dim cloud to hang over the city, and the painter with trembling hands was adjusting his canvas to the point it had occupied the day before, a horseman was seen galloping in furious haste over the greensward, and rushing up to the duke to deliver a packet into his hand without the customary etiquette of handing it first to the aide-de-camp. "Ah, a despatch from the Tuileries, to announce that all is quiet, no doubt?" said the duchess, as she drew forth her *bonbonnière* from her reticule, and placed a leaf of the sugared orange-flower it contained between her lips.

But presently she started back from the window. The duke, after waving his hand in token of dismissal of the battalion, had turned his horse suddenly round, and was galloping hastily towards the courtyard of the château. In a moment all was confusion and dismay. The usher, forgetful of courtly manners, had almost burst into the room; the sharp, quick step of the *officier d'ordonnance* was heard hurrying through the outer stone gallery. There was no time for packing, no time for adieux. In less than ten minutes the Duchess d'Angoulême was lifted into her carriage, the painter had seized his canvas and his box of colors, and was hurrying with his treasures back to Paris, and the Palace of St. Cloud was deserted. News then was spread abroad at last of the capture of the Tuileries by the mob; the flight of the king from Paris, and that of the Duc d'Angoulême towards the frontier; that the officers commanding

the Tuileries had been taken prisoners; and that M. de la Bouillerie, *surintendant des Menus Plaisirs*, had barricaded the gates of the building, with no other thought than that of saving the crown diamonds, of which, by his office, he was responsible guardian. The papers, the ornaments, the garments of the royal family had all been thrown from the windows of the palace, and were lying among the bushes and flower-beds of the garden. No respect was paid by the mob to the jewels, and the rich laces, and the satins, and gorgeous stuffs found in the wardrobes. And where lay the crown diamonds amid this confusion? The case containing them was lying in the midst of the courtyard of the Menus Plaisirs beneath the tressel on which a servant named Jean Mottu was sawing the wood for winter use, the sawdust, as it fell, being the only concealment afforded, while M. de la Bouillerie, armed with a pistol, walked up and down mounting guard, determined to defend to the last drop of his blood the treasure committed to his care.

Meanwhile the king was flying towards Rambouillet. There was no electric telegraph in those days, so that M. Chambellan, the intendant of the château, having received no intimation of the arrival of his Majesty, who was usually preceded by a whole bevy of aides-de-camp, runners, and officers, was taken by surprise. He was completely paralyzed on beholding the single attendant by whom his Majesty was accompanied, then astounded at the absence of the *en cas* by which the royal carriage was usually followed in case of accidents, and at last exasperated at sight of the undress liveries and dusty boots of the servants. And then — no etiquette whatever! — the king descended from his carriage without assistance like any common mortal and walked up the steps, not leaning on the arm of the chief officer as usual, but upon his own gold-headed cane, which seemed to bend beneath his weight, so heavy was his gait. While poor Chambellan, faithful to etiquette, was walking slowly backward, the king passed him hurriedly, and turned to the little apartment on the ground floor — a room which had always been his Majesty's favorite retreat on his frequent hunting visits to Rambouillet. It was a mysterious little boudoir, the walls painted in imitation of growing trees and underwood, the ceiling arched and painted to convey the idea of boughs meeting overhead; all was dark green and somewhat sombre. This room had

always been known as the *bocage du roi*. It had been so cunningly devised that it seemed like a continuation of the broad alley without—a real bocage belonging to the wood itself, which stretched beyond the window, mysterious and silent, with irregular peeps of the blue sky to be seen between the foliage. The room was furnished in a kind of mossy fabric, and the two recesses on each side of the chimney were occupied by mahogany chiffoniers, with bright gilt handles, always supposed to be the receptacle of familiar letters and papers only of domestic importance. Needing no usher to open the door, the king turned with a sudden jerk and entered, unclosing the door only halfway, just giving room for the entrance of his own thin figure, and then, turning the key within, remained alone. The attendants stood for a moment silent and motionless before that closed door, listening in awe for the summons which it was felt must come before long. But it came not, and the long hours of that fatal day passed away amid the strangest and most awful stillness. The king had taken no refreshment since the early morning; he had been astir since dawn, as was his wont, and the watchers in the vestibule began to feel uneasy as they beheld the sun gradually sinking lower and lower in the horizon. M. Chambellan had provided a cold collation, as he had always been accustomed to do on the flying visits of royalty to the château. But the pâtés, the champagne, the galantines, had been carried away to a cooler place than the dining-hall; the ice in the wine-coolers had been renewed many times; and the peaches in the crystal dishes had been re-covered several times with cool, fresh leaves. And still the king remained closeted in the bocage, and the anguish of the few faithful followers was growing more intense with each minute. Courtly etiquette forbade any appeal to be made from without. It was felt that the news from Paris could not fail to arouse the inhabitants of Rambouillet, whose loyalty had long been doubtful. As yet the presence of the king had remained undiscovered. Fresh horses had been procured, and the two postilions were ready to jump into the saddle, little dreaming who it was they were called upon to drive, when the porter at the great gate came tearing up the avenue to announce that an immense crowd was marching on the road to the beating of drums and the clamoring of the Marseillaise. The king must have heard the words, for

presently the door of the bocage flew open, and he issued forth, a strange and altered man.

A score of years seemed to have passed over his head since his arrival in the morning. His figure had shrunk, and his countenance had assumed a grey, ashen hue, as though he had been suffering from long illness. He had evidently been weeping much. His eyelids were red and swollen, and his sunken eyes were so weakened that he had to shade them from the light as he emerged from the gloom of the bocage. He carried beneath his arm a long, thin portfolio of red morocco, which he seemed to press closely to his side.

With a gesture of despair he stretched out his hand to grasp those of his friends, who stood awaiting his orders. But he had none to give; he spoke not, but instinctively walked down the steps, and, without a word of adieu, was driven off to the Château de Maintenon.

What had his majesty been waiting for all these hours in the bocage? None will ever know. Many people have been led to believe that he had been hoping to the last; nay, feeling almost sure that the people would be quieted, and that he would be sent for back to the Tuileries. No trace of his occupation at the bocage was left, save the heap of burnt paper that lay upon the ashes and fluttering outwards at every breath of air, and the exhausted taper on the writing-table which had been suffered to burn down in the socket. A drawer of one of the chiffoniers stood open, and it was evident that the letters had been taken thence. "They were the love-letters written by Madame de Polastron; the only woman the Count d'Artois had ever loved," says the chronicle. No one who had ever known Charles Dix could suppose for a moment that he had taken all this pains to secure any documents of political importance. The second chiffonier had not been disturbed. The drawers contained the records of the royal hunt, day by day, neatly tied and arranged with minutest care.

Well was it for his Majesty that he had escaped even thus tardily, for soon a mob of self-constituted authorities came hurrying from the town to search the château and bring back the king to Paris, there to await his trial and receive his sentence in due form. But the victim was spared this dishonor. He was hiding at Maintenon, thence to make his way by cross roads to the frontier, and to fade out of the history of the country he had governed, and out

of the memory of the nation he had endeavored to deceive.

Ay — but the crown diamonds! What had befallen them? While everything else belonging to the crown of France, nay, the very man who had worn the crown itself, was being borne away into exile, the crown diamonds were safe enough — concealed, it is true, but not flying from pursuit; wending their way steadily along the highroad to Rambouillet, hidden beneath the straw in one of those queer-looking vehicles called *haquets*, high upon two wheels, and made to grind over the paved roads with terrible strain upon the nerves of the occupant. Two stout horses driven tandem fashion trot along cheerfully, and in the driver, seated on the narrow ledge in front, may be recognized the faithful Jean Mottu, who was sawing the logs in the courtyard of the Menus Plaisirs only a few hours before. Stretched at full length upon the straw, and jolted most cruelly, rolling from side to side with each shock of the vehicle, lay the portly form of the Count de la Bouillerie, who, on the morning of that July day, had risen surintendant of the Menus Plaisirs, one of the highest officers of the state, and now, to all appearance, was nothing better than a poor peasant fellow, with linen blouse and red woollen nightcap, returning home in the empty *haquet* through charity of the driver. It was just midnight when this strange equipage drove up to the back entrance of the chateau, and the so-distant peasant, bruised and stiffened by his ride, wriggled his way out of the straw and jumped on the stone pavement of the yard. M. Chambellan, who had remained on duty during the night, summoned on the instant, easily recognized his friend, who greeted him abruptly with the words: "You must help me in my trouble. I bear with me the fortunes of France — the *diamans de la couronne*!" M. Chambellan readily consented to bear a part in the adventure, and a coarse-looking old leather trunk, with rusty nails and iron-bound corners, was drawn from the straw at the bottom of the cart. They called no servant to their aid, and together they removed the trunk into the stone passage which led to the kitchens. "The box is confided to your care," said M. de la Bouillerie; "I must fly quickly, and, thinking that none would help me but you, I brought it here." M. Chambellan was seized with terror at the awful responsibility he was made to undergo. "But what can I do with it?" gasped he. "Oh, do what you will —

bury it in the ground, wall it up till the king's return; the people will be sure to call him back before long, and then the crown diamonds will be of far more value to you and yours than they have ever been to him. Now, be quick; hide the box at once, and let me go; for I, too, should be in danger of my life were I to be overtaken." With faltering hand did M. Chambellan seize one handle of the box, while La Bouillerie grasped the other, and between them they carried it into the chateau. M. de la Bouillerie then hurried back to the cart, and presently returned with Jean Mottu, carrying another box of exactly the same make and dimensions, equally old and weather-stained, with rusty nails and iron-bound corners. To Chambellan's look of surprise, La Bouillerie merely nodded his head and laughed. "Don't be alarmed, *mon ami*," said he; "there is but one *trésor de France* — but one set of crown diamonds. This trunk contains nothing of any value excepting to myself, the owner — the family deeds of La Bouillerie, with the accounts connected with the estate. As I didn't know what the mob might choose to do with the nicknacks of the Menus Plaisirs, I thought I would place my title-deeds in a place of safety, where I can find them easily on my return, which I feel sure will not be long delayed. The two old boxes, as you see, are both alike — put mine into some of your *capharnaïms* in the yard — a pair of antique Florentine *bauti*, kept at the Menus Plaisirs as curiosities of the time of Louis Treize. I keep the keys of both, so that your responsibility is saved. And now, good-bye, my friend in need. Jean Mottu will drive me to a little inn out of the town, and change this outlandish cart for a more respectable conveyance."

With that, he jumped back into the straw, and the cart moved slowly out of the courtyard, leaving poor Chambellan in an attitude of despair, contemplating the two chests that had been confided to his care.

He dared not bring the box which contained the crown diamonds to his own apartment. He dared not conceal it. He dared not ask for assistance to remove it, but dragged it out of sight into the small, stone-paved room behind the confectioner's department, where the jellies and blancmanges were left to cool, and there, never having the courage to confide to any one the secret of its contents, he resolved to devote himself to watching over it till the king's return. For this purpose,

under the pretence of a dread of fire by insurgents, he had his bed brought down to this jelly-room, whose only window, by a happy chance, looked out over the more pleasant portion of the kitchen garden. He covered the box with a tin case, which he screwed to the flooring of the room at the foot of the bed, and provided himself with a pair of pistols and a sabre, which he laid by his side. And yet he could never get a wink of sleep till dawn, so great was his terror lest the secret should have escaped, and that an attack might be made during the night to carry off the treasure. The few servants who had remained declared that M. Chambellan had gone off his head ever since the king's last visit, and was under the terrible influence of incipient madness, which had taken the form of a nightly terror of being burnt in his bed. As for the other box, it gave him no uneasiness. Family papers are never of much account to strangers. He had it conveyed away into the outhouse in the yard, so that whenever M. de la Bouillerie came to claim it there might be no rushing hither and thither, and no fear of its being disturbed "till the king's restoration to the Tuileries, and the superintendent's own restoration to office."

But weeks grew into months, and still the Florentine box, covered with its tin case, remained in the jelly-room of the Château de Rambouillet. Chnales Dix returned not. The Revolution had failed to bring the republic, and the Tuileries had received a new royal guest, who, being no sportsman, had almost forgotten the Château de Rambouillet. But M. Chambellan, true to his trust, still slept in the little room on the basement floor, to the detriment of his health, and still declared that it was in dread of fire that he did so.

The day of release came at last, however. One fine afternoon M. de la Bouillerie came driving up the avenue in gallant style, in his own carriage, which bore the arms of his own family, ousted from office, it is true, but on friendly terms with "the people of the Tuileries." He laughed heartily at Chambellan's description of the terrors he had been made to undergo, and promised to release him from his trust. He had been all this while in Germany, and had actually forgotten the heavy responsibility with which he had burdened his friend—for, to speak truth, "the crown diamonds of France had become *le cadet de ses soucis*." The "usurper" would no doubt be in the same case, for he went in daily fear of his life.

But he would, as a matter of course, be glad of the jewels, for probably he would soon be thinking of his coronation at Rheims—all "usurpers" have that mania.

The visit of M. de la Bouillerie had nothing whatever to do with any charge belonging to his late office. It simply had for object the search for a document in his own deed-box, as he wished to sell a portion of his estate. Having but a few moments to spare, he would get the paper out immediately, and hurry on his journey as quickly as possible. Together the friends repaired to the shed, or outhouse, in which the box had been placed. The fowls of the yard had made sad havoc with the cord with which the box was bound, but no attempt had been made to unfasten it, for the knot was tight as ever.

When it had been dragged from amid the rubbish into the light, La Bouillerie drew the key from his waistcoat pocket and placed it in the lock. But whether it was through the rust incurred by the damp, or the dust consequent on neglect, the key refused to turn, and so violent was the effort made to induce it to act, that it snapped suddenly, and broke in the lock. M. de la Bouillerie flew into a violent rage, and kicked against the old Florentine box in his frenzy. But it became clear enough that a blacksmith must be sent for, and the count stamped with impatience while the workman proceeded to pick the lock. At last it yielded, the lid of the box sprang back, and a cry of surprise, almost of terror, burst from the beholders. Great Heavens! there lay the crown diamonds of France in confusion, shaken out of place by the violence to which they had just been subjected, sparkling and flashing with intensest brightness. The Regent had fallen from its velvet sheath, and had rolled close to the edge of the box, where it seemed to glare in irony upon the countenance of M. de la Bouillerie as he took it up to replace it in its case. For the first time, perhaps, he thought of the disgrace that might have been his portion had the Regent been missing; of the four hundred and eighty thousand pounds it was supposed to represent; and of the receipt of its value to that amount he had given to the government on taking it under his charge. His hand, indeed, trembled so violently that he failed to adjust the jewel properly in its place, and it slipped from his grasp. The locksmith, with his hard, horny fingers, picked it up, exclaiming, "Tu dieu! what

a beautiful piece of glass! I wonder why they keep it so carefully?" By the shock of the discovery, poor Chambellan was completely unnerved. He insisted on getting rid at once of the perilous burthen. It must be conveyed away forthwith — not to-morrow, but on the instant. More than ever would he feel himself oppressed with the weight of the obligation of its keeping. The count was compelled to retrace his journey to Paris, instead of proceeding on his journey to La Bouillerie. With the Florentine box at his side, he announced himself at the Tuileries, and deposited the crown diamonds in the hands of General Athalin, the governor of the palace, who had the box placed at once in the king's own private study to await his majesty's decision concerning its destination. After the enjoyment of a hearty laugh with the general at the strange adventure which had befallen the treasure, the count went back to Rambouillet to fetch the worthless box of papers so carefully guarded. Glad enough was he to escape from the responsibility of the crown diamonds, and gain his own home with the title-deeds all safe.

But the adventures of the diamonds were not yet ended. Amid the trouble and danger — the street riots and attempts at assassination which beset with bewilderment the early portion of the reign of Louis Philippe, there was little time for attention to be paid to the baubles and fripperies of royalty. Neither Queen Marie Amélie nor her daughters ever thought of wearing any of the state jewels, and so the crown diamonds were once more forgotten. But one day, after the first attempts at rebellion had been quelled, and quiet had been restored for a time, the new surintendant of the Menus Plaisirs applied for the jewels which he supposed had been conveyed away for safety, but for which the attested list in his possession made him responsible. General Athalin answered the appeal at once. He remembered where he had deposited the chest delivered to him by La Bouillerie, and went straight to the spot in the king's study. To his astonishment the chest was gone. No trace of it was to be found. The consternation was great throughout the royal apartments, and of course all kinds of suspicions were uttered concerning the persons admitted to audience in that royal sanctum. After some little time, the Duke of Orleans was called to council. On hearing the story of the supposed robbery of the state jewels, told as it was in trembling accents by the state officials, he burst into an uncon-

trollable fit of laughter. "What! the *diamans de la couronne* in that old ramshackle leather trunk which stood beneath the table in the king's study? Why, I had it taken away myself. You will find it beneath my desk, where it has been serving me for some time as a convenient footstool!" Thence was the old box brought out, and soon committed to proper guardianship, and there did the crown jewels remain until the empress Eugénie utilized for her own adornment the choicest specimens, with a view of adding to the splendor and glory of the empire.

What will be their next adventure? No one believes for a moment that they will be sold, for the great Alexis, the *somnambule*, when consulted upon the subject, declared they will never be dispersed. Further than this, however, his skill in prophecy cannot lead us.

Is the story of the crown diamonds to end after all by their being brought to the auction room, according to the decision of the Conseil d'Etat, or will that decision be set aside, and are they destined to be set in another crown by the exertion of their own mysterious power? This latter conclusion seems possible, for as suddenly as they were advertised for sale, so suddenly, with the change of ministry, were they withdrawn.

From Chambers' Journal.

A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE Winterbourns came next day: he to the best room in the house, a temperature carefully kept up to sixty-five degrees, and the daily attentions of the excellent doctor, who, Lady Markham declared, was thrown away upon her healthy household. Mr. Winterbourn was a man of fifty, a confirmed invalid, who travelled with a whole paraphernalia of medicaments, and a servant who was a trained nurse, and very skilful in all the lower branches of the medical craft. Mrs. Winterbourn, however, was not like this. She was young, pretty, lively, fond of what she called "fun," and by no means bound to her husband's sickroom. Everybody said she was very kind to him. She never refused to go to him when he wanted her. Of her own accord, as part of her usual routine, she would go into his room three or even four times a day to see if she could do anything. She sat with him

always while Roberts the man nurse had his dinner. What more could a woman do? She had indeed, it was understood, married him against her will; but that is an accident not to be avoided, and she had always been a model of propriety. They were asked everywhere, which, considering how little adapted he was for society, was nothing less than the highest proof of how much she was thought of; and the most irreproachable matrons did not hesitate to invite Lord Markham to meet the Winterbourns. It was a wonderful, quite an ideal friendship, everybody said. And it was such a comfort to both of them! For Markham, considering the devotion he had always shown to his mother, would probably find it very inconvenient to marry, which is the only thing which makes friendship between a man and a woman difficult. A woman does not like her devoted friend to marry: that is the worst of those delicate relationships, and it is the point upon which they generally come to shipwreck in the end. As a matter of course, any other harm of a grosser kind was not so much as thought of by any one who knew them. There were people, however, who asked themselves and each other, as a fine problem, one of those cases of complication which it pleases the human intellect to resolve, what would happen if Winterbourn died? — a thing which he was continually threatening to do. It had been at one time quite a favorite subject of speculation in society. Some said that it would not suit Markham at all, that he would get out of it somehow; some, that there would be no escape for him; some, that with such a fine jointure as Nelly would have, it would set the little man up, if he could give up his "ways." Markham had not a very good reputation, though everybody knew that he was the best son in the world. He played, it was said, more and otherwise than a man of his position ought to play. He was often amusing, and always nice to women, so that society never in the least broke with him, and he had champions everywhere. But the mere fact that he required champions was a proof that all was not exactly as it ought to be. He was a man with a great many "ways," which of course it is natural to suppose would be bad ways, though, except in the matter of play, no one knew very well what they were.

Winterbourn, however, had never been so bad as he was on this occasion, when he was almost lifted out of the carriage and carried to his room, his very host

being allowed no speech of him till next morning, after he was supposed to have got over the fatigue of the journey. The doctor, when he was summoned, shook his head and looked very grave; and it may be imagined what talks went on among the guests when no one of the family was present to hear. These talks were sometimes carried on before Frances, who was scarcely realized as the daughter of the house. Even Claude Ramsay forgot his own pressing concerns in consideration of the urgent question of the moment, and Sir Thomas ceased to think of Waring. Frances gleaned from what she heard that they were all preparing for flight. "Of course, in case anything dreadful happens, dear Lady Markham," they said, "will no doubt go too."

"What a funny thing," said one of the Miss Montagues, "if it should happen in this house!"

"Funny, Laura! You mean dreadful," cried her mother. "Do choose your words a little better."

"Oh, you know what I mean, mamma!" cried the young lady.

"You must think it dreadful indeed," said Mrs. Montague, addressing Frances, "that we should discuss such a sad thing in this way. Of course, we are all very sorry for poor Mr. Winterbourn; and if he had been ill and dying in his own house — But one's mind is occupied at present by the great inconvenience — oh, more than that — the horror and — and embarrassment to your dear mother."

"All that," said Sir Thomas with a certain solemnity. Perhaps it was the air of unusual gravity with which he uttered these two words which raised the smallest momentary titter — no, not so much as a titter — a faintly audible smile, if such an expression may be used — chiefly among the young ladies, who had perhaps a clearer realization of the kind of embarrassment that was meant than was expected of them. But Frances had no clue whatever to it. She replied warmly, —

"My mother will not think of the inconvenience. It is surely those who are in such trouble themselves who are the only people to think about. Poor Mrs. Winterbourn —"

"Who is it that is speaking of me in such a kind voice?" said the sick man's wife.

She had just come into the room; and she was very well aware that she was being discussed by everybody about — herself and her circumstances, and all

those contingencies which were, in spite of herself, beginning to stir her own mind, as they had already done the minds of all around. That is one thing which in any crisis people in society may be always sure of, that their circumstances are being fully talked over by their friends.

"I hope we have all kind voices when we speak of you, my dear Nelly. This one was Frances Waring, our new little friend here."

"Ah, that explains," said Mrs. Winterbourn; and she went on, without saying more, to the conservatory, which opened from the drawing room in which the party were seated. They were silenced, though they had not been saying anything very bad of her. The sudden appearance of the person discussed always does make a certain impression. The gentlemen of the group dispersed, the ladies began to talk of something else. Frances, very shy, yet burdened with a great desire to say or do something toward the consolation of those who were, as she had said, in such trouble, went after Mrs. Winterbourn. She had seated herself where the big palms and other exotic foliage were thickest, out of sight of the drawing-room, close to the open doorway that led to the lawn and the sea. Frances was a little surprised that the wife of a man who was thought to be dying should leave his bedside at all; but she reflected that to prevent breaking down, and thus being no longer of any use to the patient, it was the duty of every nurse to take a certain amount of rest and fresh air. She felt, however, more and more timid as she approached. Mrs. Winterbourn had not the air of a nurse. She was dressed in her usual way, with her usual ornaments — not too much but yet enough to make a tinkle, had she been at the side of a sick person, and possibly to have disturbed him. Two or three bracelets on a pretty arm are very pretty things; but they are not very suitable for a sick-nurse. She was sitting with a book in one hand, leaning her head upon the other, evidently not reading, evidently very serious. Frances was encouraged by the downcast face.

"I hope you will not think me very bold," she said, the other starting and turning round at the sound of her voice. "I wanted to ask if I could help you in any way. I am very good for keeping awake, and I could get you what you wanted. Oh, I don't mean that I am good enough to be trusted as nurse; but if I might sit up with you — in the next room — to get you what you want."

"What do you mean, child?" the young woman said in a quick, startled, half-offended voice. She was not very much older than Frances, but her experiences had been very different. She thought offence was meant. Lady Markham had always been kind to her, which was, she felt, somewhat to Lady Markham's own advantage, for Nelly knew that Markham would never marry so long as her influence lasted, and this was for his mother's good. But now it was very possible that Lady Markham was trembling, and had put her little daughter forward to give a sly stroke. Her tone softened, however, as she looked up in Frances's face. It was perhaps only that the girl was a little simpleton, and meant what she said. "You think I sit up at night," she said. "O no. I should be of no use. Mr. Winterbourn has his own servant, who knows exactly what to do; and the doctor is to send a nurse to let Roberts get a little rest. It is very good of you. Nursing is quite the sort of thing people go in for now, isn't it? But, unfortunately, poor Mr. Winterbourn can't bear amateurs and I should do no good."

She gave Frances a bright smile as she said this, and turned again towards the scene outside, opening her book at the same time, which was like a dismissal. But at that moment, to the great surprise of Frances, Markham appeared without, strolling towards the open door. He came in when he saw her, nodding to her with a look which stopped her as she was about to turn away.

"I am glad you are making friends with my little sister," he said. "How is Winterbourn now?"

"I wish everybody would not ask me every two minutes how he is now," cried the young wife. "He doesn't change from one half-hour to another. Oh, impatient; yes, I am impatient. I am half out of my senses, what with one thing and another; and here is your sister — your sister — asking to help me to nurse him! That was all that was wanting, I think, to drive me quite mad!"

"I am sure little Fan never thought she would produce such a terrible result. Be reasonable, Nelly."

"Don't call me Nelly, sir; and don't tell me to be reasonable. Don't you know how they are all talking, those horrid people? Oh, why, why did I bring him here?"

"Whatever was the reason, it can't be undone now," said Markham. "Come, Nelly! This is nothing but nerves, you

know. You can be yourself when you please."

"Do you know why he talks to me like that before you?" said Mrs. Winterbourn, suddenly turning upon Frances. "It is because he thinks things are coming to a crisis, and that I shall be compelled —" Here the hasty creature came to a pause and stared suddenly round her. "Oh, I don't know what I am saying, Geoff! They are all talking, talking in every corner about you and me."

"Run away, Fan," said her brother. "Mrs. Winterbourn, you see, is not well. The best thing for her is to be left in quiet. Run away."

"It is you who ought to go away, Markham, and leave her to me."

"Oh!" said Markham, with a gleam of amusement, "you set up for that, too, Fan! But I know better how to take care of Nelly than you do. Run away."

The consternation with which Frances obeyed this request it would be difficult to describe. She had not understood the talk in the drawing-room, and she did not understand this. But it gave her ideas a strange shock. A woman whose husband was dying, and who was away from him — who called Markham by his Christian name, and apparently preferred his ministrations to her own. She would not go back as she came, to afford the ladies in the drawing-room a new subject for their comments, but went out instead by the open door, not thinking that the only path by which she could return indoors led past the window of her mother's room, which opened on the lawn round the angle of the house. Lady Markham was standing there looking out as Frances came in sight. She knocked upon the window to call her daughter's attention, and opening it hurriedly, called her in. "Have you seen Markham?" she said, almost before Frances could hear.

"I have left him, this moment."

"You have left him. Is he alone, then? Who is with him? Is Nelly Winterbourn there?"

Frances could not tell why it was that she disliked to answer. She made a little assenting movement of her head.

"It ought not to be," cried Lady Markham — "not at this moment — at any other time, if they like, but not now. Don't you see the difference? Before, nothing was possible. Now — when at any moment, she may be a free woman, and Markham — Don't you see the difference? They should not, they should not, be together now!"

Frances stood before her mother feeling that a claim was made upon her which she did not even understand, and a helplessness which was altogether foreign to her ordinary sensations. She did not understand, nor wish to understand — it was odious to her to think even what it could mean. And what could she do? Lady Markham was agitated and excited — not able to control herself.

"For I have just seen the doctor," she cried, "and he says that it is a question not even of days, but of hours. Good heavens, child, only think of it — that such a thing should happen here; and that Markham, *Markham!* should have to manage everything. Oh, it is indecent — there is no other word for it. Go call him to me. We must get him to go away."

"Mamma," said Frances, "how can I go back? He told me to go and leave them."

"He is a fool," cried Lady Markham, stamping her foot. "He does not see how he is committing himself; he does not mind. Oh, what does it matter what he said to you! Run at once and bring him to me. Say I have something urgent to tell him. Say — oh, say anything! If Constance had been here, she would have known."

Frances was very sensible to the arrow thus flung at her in haste, without thought. She was so stung by it, that she turned hastily to do her mother's commission at all costs. But before she had taken half-a-dozen steps, Markham himself appeared, coming leisurely, easily, with his usual composure, round the corner. "What's wrong with you, little un?" he asked. "You don't mind what I said to you, Fan; I couldn't help it, my dear."

"It isn't that, Markham. It is — mamma."

And then Lady Markham, too much excited to wait, came out to join them. "Do you know the state of affairs, Markham? Does she know? I want you to go off instantly without losing a moment, to Southampton, to fetch Dr. Howard. Quick! There is just time to get the boat."

"Dr. Howard? What is wrong with the man here?"

"He is afraid of the responsibility — at least I am, Markham. Think — in your house! O yes, my dear, go without delay."

Markham paused, and looked at her with his keen little eyes. "Mother, why don't you say at once you want to get me out of the way."

"I do. I don't deny it, Markham. But this too. We ought to have another opinion. Do, for any favor, what I ask you, dear; oh, do it! O yes, I would rather you sent him here, and did not come back with him. But come back, if you must; only, go, go now."

"You think he will be — dead before I could get back. I will telegraph for Dr. Howard, mother; but I will not go away."

"You can do no good, Markham — except to make people talk. Oh, for mercy's sake, whatever you may do afterwards, go now."

"I will go and telegraph — with pleasure," he said.

Lady Markham turned and took Frances's arm, as he left them. "I think I must give in now altogether," she cried. "All is going wrong with me. First Con, and then my boy. For now I see what will happen. And you don't know, you can't think what Markham has been to me. Oh, he has been everything to me! And now — I know what will happen now."

"Mamma," said Frances, trembling. She wanted to say that little as she herself was, she was one who would never forsake her mother. But she was so conscious that Lady Markham's thoughts went over her head and took no note of her, that the words were stifled on her lips. "He said to me once that he could never — leave you, she said, faltering, though it was not what she meant to say.

"He said to you once — Then he has been thinking of it; he has been discussing the question?" Lady Markham said with bitterness. She leant heavily upon Frances's arm, but not with any tender appreciation of the girl's wistful desire to comfort her. "That means," she said, "that I can never desert him. I must go now and get rid of all this excitement and put on a composed face and tell the people that they may go away if they like. It will be the right thing for them to go away. But I can't stay here with death in the house, and take a motherly care of — of that girl, whom I never trusted — whom Markham — And she will marry him within the year. I know it."

Frances made a little outcry of horror, being greatly disturbed — "O no, no!" without any meaning, for she indeed knew nothing.

"No! How can you say no? when you are quite in ignorance. I can't tell you what Markham would wish — to be let alone, most likely, if they would let him alone. But she will do it. She al-

ways was headstrong; and now she will be rich. Oh, what a thing it is altogether — like a thunderbolt out of a clear sky! Who could have imagined, when we came down here so tranquilly, with nothing unusual — If I thought of any change at all, it was perhaps that Claude — whom, by the way, you must not be rude to, Frances — that Claude might perhaps — And now, here is everything unsettled, and my life turned upside down."

What did she hope that Claude would have done? Frances's brain was all perplexed. She had plunged into a sudden sea of troubles, without knowing even what the wild elements were that lashed the placid waters into fury and made the sky dark all around.

From Good Words.

FROM "SOME REMINISCENCES OF MY LIFE."

BY MARY HOWITT.

MY father took his bride to an unpretending, roomy, old-fashioned house. We now see the back of this home of my unmarried life, not exactly as it was in those days, when, instead of the present greenhouse, a large porch adorned with a sundial screened the garden door. In the quaint, pleasant garden grew no modern species of pine, but hollies and arbor-vitæ, with a line of old Scotch firs down one side. This garden, sloping to the south, was separated by a low wall and iron palisades from a meadow, through which ran a cheerful stream, and it was crossed by a small wooden bridge that led into beautiful hilly fields belonging to father. The house, built in the shape of an L, enclosed to the front a court, divided from the street by iron palisades, and paved with white and brown pebbles in a geometric pattern. At one time three poplars grew in the court, but were cut down from their falling leaves giving trouble.

A parlor and a bedroom, reached by a separate staircase, looked to the street, and were appropriated to grandfather. The domestic offices filled the middle space. On the garden side lay the common and best parlors, with comfortable chambers above them. This portion of the dwelling was reserved for my parents.

The arrangement of the home life would have been excellent had the father-in-law been a different character. His peculiar temper, ignorance of life outside his nar-

row circle, and inability to allow of dissimilarity of habits and opinions, made him undervalue a daughter-in-law from a great distance, who had chiefly lived among people of the world, and who, after joining the Society, had become accustomed to the more polished usages of the Friends in Cornwall and south Wales.

She came as an alien amongst her husband's kindred. Her cast of mind, manners, speech, the tone of her voice, even the style of her plain dress, were different from theirs. She was considered by the half brothers, who remained irreconcilable, their sons and daughters-in-law, to be "high," and was nicknamed by them "the Duchess." She found, however, a sympathizer in the wife of her husband's cousin, John Shipley, a native of Kendal, whose comeliness substantiated the popular toast of the day, "A Kendal Woman." Ann Shipley had herself endured sufficient loneliness of heart to enter into the feelings of the new-comer.

The one really unfortunate circumstance in mother's relationship to her father-in-law was her nervous sensibility to strong odors, which brought on intense headaches that affected her eyesight. His occupation of drying and pulverizing herbs, by which the house was often filled with pungent smells and impalpable stinging dust, was not only offensive to her, but productive of intense pain. The old herbalist, who could not induce her to try his headache snuff, was obdurate. There was growing discomfort, and the kind-hearted husband, distressed by his wife's sufferings, and reluctant to insist on his father leaving the house, found it expedient to move with wife and infant daughter to the Forest of Dean, for the management of his new ironworks. Then followed the disastrous occurrences alluded to in my opening chapter.

I would now introduce my mother to the reader. She was the granddaughter of the much-abused patentee of Irish coinage, William Wood, who, as the Rev. David Agnew states in his "Memoirs of Protestant Exiles from France," was fourth in descent from François Dubois, who with wife and son fled from the Massacre of St. Bartholomew to Shrewsbury, where he founded a ribbon manufactory. His descendants removed to Wolverhampton, where they purchased coal mines and built iron forges, some of which remain in operation to the present day. By 1652 they had Anglicized their name to Wood. In 1671, during the reign of Charles II., my great-grandfather was

born, and became a noted iron and copper founder.

In the reign of George I. the deficiency of copper coin in Ireland was so great that for pence small coins called "raps" and bits of cardboard of nominal value were in circulation. The government determined, therefore, to remove this pressing want by supplying Ireland with a much better copper coinage than it had ever possessed before.

William Wood, yielding to the corrupt usage of the day, gave a bribe to the Duchess of Kendal, the king's mistress, to procure him the contract. It was granted him by the Whig Ministry in 1722-3, and he issued farthings and halfpence to the value of £108,000, superior in beauty and value to those of England. "They were," says Leake, "undoubtedly the best copper coin ever made for Ireland;" and Ruding confirms the statement in his "Annals of Coinage." Dean Swift, however, desirous of avenging himself on Sir Robert Walpole and the Whigs for the defeat and disgrace of his great patrons, Oxford and Bolingbroke, availed himself of this opportunity to vent his spleen against the new coinage, and inflame the Irish against the ministers who had made the mistake of ordering it without consulting the Irish Privy Council and the lord lieutenant. He audaciously asserted that the English were intending to enrich a stranger at the expense of the whole of Ireland; and amongst other ballads and lampoons, excited the people by the lines, —

The halfpence are coming, the nation's undoing,
There is an end of your ploughing and baking
and brewing,
In that you must all go to rack and ruin.

He next anonymously issued a series of letters, supposed to be written by a poor but independent-spirited draper, who did not mean to be ruined without a good hearty outcry. He thus worked the nation up to the pitch of rebellion.

It was in vain that the government published the official report of Sir Isaac Newton, then master of the mint, who tested the new coinage in 1724, and pronounced that in weight, goodness, and fineness it rather exceeded than fell short of the conditions of the patent; in vain that it declared no one was compelled to take the money unless he liked. The excitable population, Catholics and Protestants, Whigs and Tories, rich and poor, would not receive it. Wood's effigy was dragged

through the streets of Dublin and burned, whilst the portrait of Dean Swift, as the saviour of Ireland, was engraved, placed on signs, woven on handkerchiefs, and struck on medals.

The Dean had branded the patentee in "The Drapier's Letters" as "a hardware man and tinker; his copper was brass, himself was a wood-louse." He was in reality very wealthy, lived at a fine place at Wolverhampton called the Deanery, a venerable building at present used as the Conservative Club, and surrounded by a small deer park, now built over. He held at the time of the patent, as we learn from "Anderson's Commerce," vol. iii., p. 124, a lease of all the iron mines in England in thirty-nine counties. He was proprietor of seven iron and copper works, and carried on a very considerable manufacture for the preparation of metals.

By his wife, Margaret Molyneux, of Wetton Hall, Staffordshire, he had fifteen children; two died young, but thirteen handsome sons and daughters grew up, and are reported to have made a fine appearance when seen together in church.

After the withdrawal of the patent, Wood appealed to Sir Robert Walpole for compensation, stating that he had six sons. The minister said, "Send your sons to me, Mr. Wood, and I will provide for them." "Do me justice, Sir Robert," he replied, "and I will provide for them myself."

As an indemnification for his losses £3,000 a year was granted him for eight years. If he lived to receive the entire amount is uncertain; the date of his death is unknown to his descendants—he must, however, have seen the accession of George II. in 1727, for he left behind him a work on free trade dedicated to that monarch. His extensive mines and forges were inherited by some of his sons. William, the eldest, had the Falcon Iron Foundry, and cast the iron railings round St. Paul's Churchyard.

Charles, the fourth son and my grandfather, was born in 1702. He was appointed, when quite young, assay-master in Jamaica, a lucrative post, as the gold, which at that period came to England from the Spanish Main, was taken there to be tested. Former assay-masters had returned home rich, but being a man of high principle, he never soiled his hands or conscience by bribe or perquisite, and after thirty years of service in the island he came back in moderate circumstances, having merely amassed great scientific knowledge, especially about metals.

On December 13, 1750, William Brownrigg, M.D., F.R.S. (through William Watson, F.R.S.), presented to the Royal Society in London specimens of platina, a new metal hitherto unknown in Europe, and stated in an accompanying memoir: "This semi-metal was first presented to me about nine years ago by Mr. Charles Wood, a skilful and inquisitive metallurgist, who met with it in Jamaica, whither it had been brought from Carthage, in New Spain."

My grandfather, who was thus the introducer of the extremely useful metal, platina, was the brother-in-law of the learned Dr. Brownrigg, residing at the family estate, Ormathwaite Hall, Cumberland. The great-grandfather, Gawain Brownrigg, of Ormathwaite, had married an Irish lady, one of seven sisters, which led to relationship with the Annesley and Esmonde families. Charles Wood returned home a widower, and married Dr. Brownrigg's sister Jemima, a lively, fascinating lady, who had also been in Jamaica, and was the widow of Captain Lyndon, of the Dolphin, a slave ship. She had one son living, named Roger; another son, Charles, had been lost at sea.

My grandfather built and resided at Lowmill ironworks, near Whitehaven. There his six children by his second marriage were born. From Cumberland he removed to south Wales, and became active in establishing the important Cyfarthfa ironworks, near Merthyr Tydvil. A great impetus had been given to the iron trade at this period by the application of a discovery made as early as 1619 by Lord Dudley—that the ore could be smelted by the use of pit coal. In 1740 the system was first introduced at Coalbrookdale, and led to the establishment of extensive ironworks in various parts of the kingdom; amongst others, to those at Merthyr Tydvil, where Mr. Anthony Bacon became the lessee of a considerable tract of land, and began the first smelting furnace at Cyfarthfa in 1755.

My mother, who was Charles Wood's youngest child, and taken almost an infant to Cyfarthfa, often spoke of Mr. Bacon. She well remembered another individual intimately associated with the undertaking, old Mr. Crawshaw, whom she described as a large, stout man, deeply pitted with the smallpox. He laid the foundation of his immense wealth by buying up old cannon on the Continent, which were reeased at the works. And as Mr. Bacon contracted with government during the American War to supply the several arse-

nals with cannon, the casting of cannon became an important trade at Cyfarthfa.

Her earliest recollection dated from 1768, when she was about four. Every one at Merthyr was talking about Wilkes and liberty, more especially as Alderman Wilkes had, equally with Mr. Anthony Bacon, represented Aylesbury in Parliament. Although threatened with outlawry, he had just been elected for the county of Middlesex; an act followed by riots in London that convulsed the whole land. Little Ann Wood, a bright, inquisitive child, anxious to know the meaning of Wilkes and liberty, turned for explanation to Peggy Jones; a good-tempered, cheerful young woman, the best ironer in the place, and, therefore, employed to get up the cambric frills of Mr. Wood's shirts.

Peggy knew all about Wilkes and liberty. "He was a very nice gentleman, who had lodged three weeks at her aunt's. He had at parting given her aunt a nice silk gown; Miss Ann should have a piece of it to make herself a housewife."

Little Ann, delighted to be the bearer of such important news, hastened to impart it to the family. It was received with a peal of laughter that abashed the poor child. She learnt later that Wilkes and liberty, in this instance, meant a strolling player, who, unable to pay his landlady, had discharged the debt with an old silk gown.

For her father she always retained the deepest love and veneration. He likewise regarded her with intense affection, and chose to have her with him in his private room, where he spent much time apart from the rest of the family, to whom pleasure was the object of life. Surrounded by his books, he read to her, heard her read, taught her pieces of poetry of which he was extremely fond; and when the sound of laughter, singing, and dancing reached them from a distant part of the house, would clasp her to his breast and even silently shed tears.

Seated on a low stool at his knee, she learnt his opinions on public events. He awakened within her a deep detestation of slavery, the horrors of which he had witnessed in Jamaica, where, possessing sufficient knowledge of medicine, he had compounded healing ointments for the wounded slaves. His wife and elder children could never see the unchristian spirit and atrocity of slavery; nor did they feel any sympathy with his views, when on the breaking out of the American War, he sided with those whom they deemed

rebels. He taught Ann, however, who was then eleven, that the citizens of the United States rose to assert their rights as men in the resistance of tyranny; and inspired her with such admiration for Washington, that he ever remained her ideal hero and patriot.

After my grandfather's death the family continued to reside at Cyfarthfa. Roger Lyndon and his half-brother, William Wood, being engaged in the works. The eldest daughter Mary, adopted by her uncle Brownrigg, had remained at Cumberland. She was distinguished for her good looks, and had many admirers, amongst others, young Mr. William Wilberforce. She did not, however, encourage the addresses of the future renowned philanthropist, from the notion that "she could do better for herself," and ended by marrying the Rev. Thomas Wilkinson, vicar of Thetford, Norfolk.

The next daughter, Dorothy, who had been educated at Monmouth Castle, a fashionable ladies' school, possessed a vivacity and love of amusement which endeared her to the mother. The thoughtful Ann, who had lost her best friend and protector, occupied a painful, isolated position at home, and when twenty, was thankful to receive invitations from various members of the Wood family to visit them in London.

She first stayed with her cousin William Wood, a gentleman of good fortune and fine taste residing at Hammersmith; and who had inherited the money of their Uncle Francis the nabob. This was the second son of the patentee, a remarkably handsome man, whose marriage with a daughter of Lord Dudley and Ward was prevented either by her death or his being sent to India. He had returned home, an elderly man, with much money and treasure and the rank of major, but was commonly called the nabob. He lived on his capital, asserting that he should leave the residue to his greatest enemy, as it must bring a curse with it, having been unrighteously gained. The only curse it brought to his heir was a very worrying lawsuit. William Wood was a skilful amateur artist, who occupied himself in copying the works of his favorite Murillo.

He was very intimate with the Alsatian landscape-painter, Loutherboung, who likewise lived at Hammersmith. Opie, also a frequent guest at his house, requested the young visitor from south Wales to sit to him for a Magdalene. This to the later regret of her daughters

she declined to do; always silencing our lamentations by, "Oh, no! I could not be painted as a Magdalene; anything but that."

Her aunt Isabella Wood, the wife of Mr. John Cox, of the Horse-Shoe Brewery, Bloomsbury, had been dead some years, and her kind-hearted cousin Margaret kept the opulent brewer's house. Her younger cousin, Isabella, or Bella, a handsome, dashing, self-indulgent girl, who used a bottle of lavender water daily, was the father's favorite. He restricted her in nothing, except marrying a soldier, an Irishman, or a Papist.

On one occasion Ann Wood consented to accompany Bella Cox to a fashionable fortune-teller, then making a great stir in London. They went in a coach sufficiently disguised to prevent recognition; and on reaching the sibyl's dwelling were ushered into a mysterious chamber. The walls were draped with dark hangings; on a centre table, covered with a dark cloth, lay a white wand; and from beneath the table issued, as if it had been the familiar spirit of the place, a large black cat. The door of an inner room slowly opened, and a tall woman of a grave, almost severe aspect, attired in black velvet, entered, and without a word fixed her eyes steadfastly and penetratingly on them.

According to agreement, my mother first presented her hand. This the sibyl taking in hers, examined carefully; then said in measured accents: "You will not marry your present lover. You will change your religion and marry another."

On Bella Cox next coming forward, the woman took her hand, and immediately raising her eyes from it, demanded sternly, "Where is your wedding ring?" she then added solemnly, "You have done the worst day's work you ever did. You will repent it as long as you live."

These terrible words, which closed the interview, proved only too true. Bella had privately married an Irish officer, who was a Catholic. After the fact was revealed to her father, he is said never to have smiled again. She lived with her husband for a few years, but finally was obliged to leave him.

The lover to whom mother's fancy turned in those days was probably Robert Wilson, a young lieutenant who had been sent, as it seemed to her, by Providence to save her from the danger of some street mob, in which she suddenly found herself involved. He accompanied her back to the Coxes, and was greatly liked

by them. He continued his visits and paying her his addresses; they finally parted with the understanding they were to meet again. Some years later, when she had become a Friend, and was staying with the Foxes, of Falmouth, he, then Captain Wilson, called upon her to renew his suit. She refused to see him for conscience' sake, her friend Sarah Fox doing so in her stead.

We must not overlook a little episode belonging to the period of mother's visit to London, and connected with another first cousin, Catherine Martin. She was a daughter of John Wood, the third son of the patentee, who lived in great splendor at Wednesbury, where he had inherited iron works from his father. Catherine, wife of a purser in the navy, and conspicuous for her beauty and impulsive, violent temper, having quarrelled with her excellent sister, Dorothea Fryer, at whose house in Staffordshire she was staying, suddenly set off to London on a visit to her great-uncle, the Rev. John Plimley, prebend of the Collegiate Church at Wolverhampton and chaplain of Morden College, Blackheath. She journeyed by the ordinary mode of conveyance, the Gee-Ho, a large stage-wagon drawn by a team of six horses, and which, driven merely by day, took a week from Wolverhampton to the Cock and Bell, Smithfield.

Arrived in London, Catherine proceeded on foot to Blackheath; there, night having come on and losing her way, she was suddenly accosted by a horseman with, "Now, my pretty girl, where are you going?" Pleased by his gallant address, she begged him to direct her to Morden College. He assured her that she was fortunate in having met with him, instead of one of his company, and inducing her to mount before him, rode across the heath to the pile of buildings which had been erected by Sir Christopher Wren for decayed merchants, the recipients of Sir John Morden's bounty. Assisting her to alight, he rang the bell, then remounted his steed and galloped away, but not before the alarmed official who had answered the summons had exclaimed, "Heavens! Dick Turpin on Black Bess!" Mother always said "Dick Turpin;" another version in the family runs "Captain Smith."

Catherine Martin died at an advanced age. Her portrait still exists, painted by Edward Bird, R. A., a native of Wolverhampton, at the time he was jappanning at Turton's Hall, formerly the residence of the Levesons, who were woolstaplers, and

ancestors of the present Duke of Sutherland.

Catherine's sister Dorothea, a pious, sensible, and clever woman, was the mother of Richard Fryer, a man of great independence of mind. He held the patentee's principles of free trade, was the first Liberal member for Wolverhampton, and noted before the days of Cobden and Bright for his persistent advocacy of the abolition of the Corn Laws, making him ridiculed and almost persecuted in the House for many years as "the man of one idea." His great ability and force of character are inherited by a surviving daughter.

In the agreeable family of the Coxes, Ann Wood was introduced to Lady Abergavenny and her mother, who showed her much kindness; and became still more intimately acquainted with the wife of Dr. Glasse, rector of Hanwell and one of the chaplains to George III., who kept a celebrated school for young gentlemen of position. She spent many pleasant months at the Glasses', and whilst the especial protector of the fags, took a deep interest in all the pupils; amongst whom she was wont to mention the Earl of Drogheda. His mother, "the ever-weeping Drogheda," was so styled, I believe, from her abiding grief at the loss of her husband and stepson, by drowning, when crossing from England to Ireland.

She met at the Glasses', among other celebrities, Dr. Samuel Johnson once or twice, and it must have been at the very beginning of her acquaintance with Mrs. Glasse, as, according to my calculation, she went up to London in 1784, and in December of the same year the great lexicographer died; Miss Burney frequently, and used to relate how much people were afraid of her, from the idea that she would put them in a book; Dr. Horne, the noted commentator on the Psalms, then Dean of Canterbury, later Bishop of Norwich, and his wife, with whom she stayed at Canterbury. She always retained a grateful remembrance of the amiability and kindness of the dean, whose poem on autumn, —

See the leaves around us falling,

had, from this circumstance, a peculiar interest for my sister and me as children.

We were also much impressed by the following narrative. Dr. Glasse's son George, who became a clergyman, was acquainted at college with a dissolute set of young men, who turned religion into ridicule, and aimed to extract as much so-called pleasure out of life as possible.

On one occasion a member of the group entered the room where the rest were assembled, with an unusually depressed countenance. All rallied him upon his gravity and demanded the cause. He explained that on the preceding night he dreamed he was breathing stifling, oppressive air in a large, gloomy hall, which was densely thronged with undergraduates, their gowns wrapped round them, and their countenances indicative of suffering and extreme dejection. Inquiring where he was, "This is Hell," replied a melancholy young man, unfolding his gown and revealing in his breast a transparent heart as of crystal, in which burned a fierce flame.

"Good God!" he exclaimed, appalled by the sight, "cannot I escape from this place?"

"You have a chance for nine days," answered the gloomy figure, folding his arms within his gown and concealing his burning heart.

The undergraduate awoke full of horror, and in order to dispel the strong, painful impression, sought the society of his friends. They laughed at his disordered fancy, drank deep, and persuaded him to spend the ensuing nine days with them in especial gaiety.

On the ninth day, however, whether from the natural effects of excessive debauch or in solemn fulfilment of the warning, he suddenly died — an event which produced a strong and salutary effect upon some of his comrades, who began an amended life from that day.

From the Glasses, mother went to stay with Mrs. Barnardiston, a wealthy, lively old lady, who entertained judges, generals, admirals, and their womankind at her town house at Turnham Green; the county families at her seat, Weston, in Northamptonshire. She was especially intimate with Lady Dryden, who constantly drove over in great state to Weston from Canons Ashby, the ancient inheritance of the poet Dryden's family, and where his youngest son, Sir Erasmus, lived and died.

Towards the end of the summer spent with Mrs. Barnardiston, mother was recalled to south Wales, as her sister Dorothy was about to be married and live at Swansea, and she must replace her at home.

Her solitary position in her own family, combined with an ardent craving for spiritual light and rest, had led her in London to inquire into the Catholic faith. She had come in contact with an abbess, and contemplated entering her community, but was deterred from taking the step by

a young nun, who told her "all was not peace in a convent."

In south Wales, still searching for light and assurance, she yielded to an earlier influence. She had, as a child, attended with her father a public meeting held by a ministering Friend in Merthyr, and although she could never afterwards recollect the preacher's words, they had, in a vague but indelible manner, appealed to her inner nature. Her mother, discovering that she possessed a secret drawing to Friends, told her that her father had left it as a dying request, that if any of their children showed an inclination to join that body, she should not oppose it, as he had himself adopted the religious opinions of Friends. Full of gratitude to her mother for this communication, Ann Wood sought and obtained membership.

It is noteworthy that Samuel, the youngest son of the patentee, had also become a Friend. By so doing, he must have removed himself from the family cognizance, as we knew nothing of him until my sister Anna traced out his history from the records of the Society; we thus learnt that he had been a man of good property, residing at Milnthorpe, Westmoreland, where he died in 1800 at the age of ninety-one. About two years ago, I had the pleasure of receiving a letter from a Catholic lady, the granddaughter of his only daughter Margaret, recognizing our kinship; a fact that had become known to her by the mention of my great-uncle, the nabob, in "Wood Leighton," the first work of imagination that I wrote.

My grandmother, deciding to reside near her favorite married daughter, soon found she could dispense with the society of Ann, more especially as she had united herself to a sect with which she had nothing in common. Mother, therefore, was at liberty to associate with her own people, and her life became most consonant to her tastes.

She resided chiefly at Falmouth, on the most agreeable terms of truly *friendly* intercourse with the distinguished family of the Foxes; and with Peter and Anna Price, a handsome couple of a grand patriarchal type but comparatively young. Her dearest friend was Anna Price's relative, Kitty Tregelles, a sensible, lively young woman, to whom she felt as a sister. Whether she had her own hired apartments, or whether she had a home with some of these Friends, I know not; merely that she lived in the midst of these kind and superior people.

She always reverted with peculiar pleasure to her life in Cornwall. It was a time

of repose to her, spiritually and mentally; whilst her natural love of the poetical and picturesque was fostered by the many grand, beautiful legends connected with the wild rocky shores, the seaport towns, the old-fashioned primitive life, and the simple habits of the people.

She likewise treasured most happy memories of Neath, where dwelt her staunch and valued friends, Evan and Elizabeth Rees, under whose roof, in 1795, she met the faithful partner of her future life, as already narrated.

From The Leisure Hour.

THE KRAKATOA ERUPTION.

BY THE REV. PHILIP NEALE, LATE BRITISH CHAPLAIN AT BATAVIA.

I.

It is proposed in the following papers to give an account of the terrible volcanic eruption in the Straits of Soenda which occurred in August, 1883, from the pen of one who was on the spot at the time.

The Dutch island of Java has always been famous for its volcanoes and the frequency of their outbursts. With the exception of Japan, there is no other portion of the world where so many of these fiery monsters are to be found gathered together in so small a compass. Java is a long, narrow island, situate six degrees south of the equator, and although its area is only that of Ireland, it is the unfortunate possessor of more than forty volcanoes. Of course the greater part of these are extinct or inactive, but still there are about a dozen which are liable at any moment to break out afresh in their work of destruction. Running from east to west through the centre of the island is a lofty range of mountains, in many places as much as ten thousand feet above the ocean level. In several parts of this great range, which really forms the backbone of Java, are the volcanic craters which at various periods have been actively at work pouring forth torrents of mud and lava, and devastating the adjacent country for many miles. In the historical records of the island, which I have carefully searched and translated from the Dutch, it would seem that Java has never been free from these outbreaks. One of the earliest on record is the destruction of a Portuguese settlement, as far back as 1586, and every few years has brought a similar catastrophe.

In addition to the mountains in Java itself, there are several adjacent islands

upon which volcanoes rise to a still greater height. Those who have travelled by the Queensland mail steamers will not easily forget the beautiful sight presented by the tropical islands of Lombok and Bali, with the lofty volcanic peak on each, richly clad in verdure even to its very summit, and the higher of the two rising more than thirteen thousand feet.

The straits between these islands are both beautiful in the extreme, but the less frequented route through the Strait of Lombok certainly deserves the palm. The navigation there is difficult and dangerous, but I once had the good fortune to sail through it, in a small brigantine, and the sight was not one to be easily forgotten. Rising majestically from the water's edge, towering grandly up to an immense height, rose a perfect conical-shaped mountain, its green, sloping sides being one dense mass of tropical vegetation and pathless jungle—the undisturbed abode of tigers and other wild animals. Seen by moonlight, as I saw it on that occasion, from the deck of a vessel, hugging the shore, Bali Peak is something to be remembered.

At the opposite end of Java, on the western shore, in the busy Strait of Soenda, is another island somewhat similar to Bali, called Krakatoa, famous now for the great eruption which took place there in 1883. A volcano at rest is one thing, but a volcano at work is a very different sight, as the following description will soon show. The Krakatoa eruption was by no means an ordinary occurrence, even in Java, where such outbursts are so frequent; and as one of the few English who were living in the neighborhood at the time I wish to place on record some of the facts connected with the event. Although months have gone by since it occurred, I do not think an eye-witness's account of a catastrophe which swept away in a few moments, with scarcely any warning, some fifty thousand souls, as well as destroyed a large territory, can yet be quite devoid of interest.

Krakatoa is a small island about thirty miles from the western shore of Java, and about midway in the strait which separates that country from Sumatra. It is uninhabited, and little is known about the place, except by the few Malays who sail across to its lonely shore in their *sampans* or fishing-boats. Rising rapidly from the shore of this sea-girt isle is the famous volcano of the same name, more than eight hundred Dutch metres in height, or according to English measurement, about twenty-six hundred and seventy-four feet.

For many years there had been no eruption or volcanic disturbance on the island, and at one time there did not seem much prospect of its ever again being classed among volcanoes at work. But the old proverb about appearances being deceptive proved just as true in Netherlands-India as in more civilized regions. For suddenly, in May, 1883, the dormant volcano roused itself from its long sleep and began to belch forth fire and smoke. On that occasion no damage was done. The spectacle was regarded by the Dutch as a curiosity, and an agreeable excursion was made to the island by one of the mail steamers trading in the Java sea.

This first outburst ended in smoke, but it was a later one which caused the terrible sacrifice of human life. It seemed as if the short-lived notoriety Krakatoa had already gained were not enough, for in a few months came one of the most awful eruptions of modern times.

Sunday, August 26, 1883, was the fatal day on which the work of destruction began, but the most deadly effects were reserved for the following morning. In order not to anticipate, we will confine ourselves at first to what took place at Batavia on that memorable Sunday.

The Dutch capital is scarcely less than ninety miles from the scene of the eruption, and this fact should be kept in mind, as it makes the occurrences about to be recorded all the more remarkable, on account of the distance which intervened. On the day in question everything was much as usual in Batavia. The fierce rays of a tropical sun were beating down upon the busy streets of the city, which always bear an Oriental appearance. It was near the close of the period of the year known as the dry monsoon, and the parched ground and dusty streets told how much rain was needed. For six months at a time, that is from April to October, scarcely any rain ever falls, and in a country such as Java, notorious for its unhealthy climate and damp, unwholesome heat, the commencement of the wet monsoon is always a welcome period. On this Sunday afternoon, therefore, when a distant rumbling noise like thunder was heard in the city, it was generally thought that the first tropical storm of the season was coming earlier than usual. But on examining the sky, strangely enough, all was bright and cloudless, with no sign of an approaching storm. But soon the rumbling noise increased, distant reports were heard as of heavy guns being fired at a distance, and the people in Batavia quickly became aware of the unwelcome

fact that something more startling was taking place around them than a mere thunderstorm. "What can it be?" was the oft-repeated question, as the Europeans, that evening, took their usual stroll at sunset under the lovely tamarind avenues which encircle the Konings Plein, the favorite promenade of Batavian citizens, and on all sides was heard the unanimous opinion "that it was another of our volcanoes at work."

When the sun went down and darkness came on the reports became more loud and distinct, and anxiety increased as to what might happen.

So far no one had for a moment dreamt of distant Krakatoa being the culprit. It was too far away even to be suspected, and the general impression was that one of the adjacent mountains, such as Gedeh or Salak, the nearest volcanoes to Batavia, must be the scene of the disturbance.

As the evening passed by matters grew worse. Louder and more threatening became the distant thundering reports, and at times distinct shocks of explosions could be heard shaking the houses to their very foundations. At eight A.M., when the night gun is always fired from one of the government forts, the report was so faint as scarcely to be heard, being drowned in the din of the atmospheric disturbances. Throughout the night matters continued much the same. Sleep was out of the question, and the long, weary hours of night were spent by many a resident in anxiously watching the course events might take. At one time it was fancied that an earthquake—a by no means uncommon event in Java—was imminent, and many a cautious householder retired from the precincts of a house which he feared at any moment might fall and crush him. An English lady told me afterwards how she had carried her little children into the open air and had kept them outside the house all night. In some parts of the city the walls of the houses shook and quivered so ominously, as shock succeeded shock, that a general rush was made outside.

The streets and houses presented a strange appearance. Many a portly Dutchman could be seen strolling about the streets, in the hope of finding greater safety than in his own dwelling. Whole families of women and children again were huddled together beneath the tropical trees and shrubs in their gardens, whilst others paced with anxious steps the wide marble verandahs surrounding their houses, ready to rush forth at the slightest sign of coming destruction.

Wearily the hours of night dragged on. About 2 A.M., after an explosive shock more severe than the rest, the alarming discovery was made that the gas in Batavia had been affected. In some quarters of the city the street lamps for a considerable distance were suddenly quenched, and in many private houses the gas was also extinguished. The anxiety was naturally increased by the darkness, and it may easily be imagined how eagerly the first ray of morning light was looked for. At last it came—the day which was to bring death and destruction to many thousand homes in Java. But how unlike the usual tropical day it was! There was no bright, dazzling sunshine to scatter away the dark shadows and gloomy forebodings of the previous night. A dull, heavy, leaden sky, completely obscuring the sun, was all that could be seen. The morning also was comparatively cold—a noticeable fact in a trying climate, which seldom varies day or night throughout the whole year more than ten or twelve degrees. The average temperature in Batavia is about seventy-five degrees at night, and eighty-five degrees by day, but then it must be remembered that the Java heat is moist and damp, and consequently much more unhealthy and injurious than an increased range of the thermometer in a drier climate. On this occasion the glass fell to sixty-five degrees in the shade, a fact unknown before in the meteorological annals of the city.

It was a cold, dull morning then as the work of the busy Batavian day commenced. The shocks which had caused so much dismay and terror in the night were now less frequent and more indistinct. Business was beginning as usual. Crowds of natives were wending their way citywards on foot. Steam trams filled with clerks and officials bore their living freight from the various suburbs. Merchants in private carriages, or *dos à dos* (as the public two-wheeled conveyances are called), were rapidly driving to their handsome offices in the Kali-Besar or chief business centre in Batavia. All were eagerly discussing the previous night's events, and all sanguine that the worst was over. Nothing, all this time, was definitely known as to which volcano had been the cause of so much alarm. Of course vague surmises were common enough, but still no one thought of looking as much as ninety miles away for the scene of the disturbance.

But in the course of the morning, when all were congratulating themselves that matters were no worse, a marked change

began in the aspect of affairs. The sky became darker and more threatening, and after a time a peculiar rain of ashes began to fall. This was of a grey color, and soon the ground and streets were covered with it. For several hours there was a gentle fall — at one time coarse and large as a pin's head, at another as thin and fine as dust. Some of each kind I have now in my possession, taken up from one of the suburbs of Batavia shortly after it fell. Both kinds were submitted to a Dutch analyst for examination, and to him I am indebted for the names of the component parts. He tells me that the two showers were identical except that the second fall of ash was much finer than the first. It consisted principally of siliceous sand, with sulphuret of iron, phosphates and silicates of lime and magnesium, while the whole had a strong sulphuric smell.

While this rain of ash continued thick darkness enveloped the city. Traffic and business were suspended. Gas was lighted everywhere in the hope that the darkness would soon pass off, but still it continued for several hours. The abject terror of the poor natives, cowering down in the most helpless way, was quite a sight to behold. These followers of Mohammed, clinging tenaciously to their fatalistic creed, calmly said, "It is Allah," and resigned themselves to their fate. In times of difficulty and danger the natives of Java, and indeed the whole of the Malay archipelago, are some of the most helpless and useless people under the sun.

The Chinese, on the other hand, took a very different view of matters. Unfettered by any fatalistic notions, they plainly showed their belief that while there is life there is hope. Whether this is one of the moral sayings of Confucius I know not, but, with all their faults, the Chinese are certainly a practical and painstaking race. On this occasion they accordingly gathered together all their valuables and cleared out of the city with as much despatch as possible. There are twenty-five thousand of them in Batavia alone, and a large proportion of these soon beat a hasty retreat. Some made for the railway station *en route* for the interior of the island; some took to their boats on the canal, and many crowded themselves into their gaily painted vehicles known as *kahars*, and drove away as fast as two Sandalwood ponies would carry them.

The Europeans also thought it wiser to suspend business on account of the darkness and to leave the city for their suburban homes. The buildings which they use in Batavia for offices are very old, and

though roomy and convenient for their purpose they would easily be overthrown in the event of an earthquake. About noon, therefore, on that eventful Monday (August 27) there was a steady outpour of merchants from Batavia, and the city was soon wearing a deserted appearance. It was well that it did so, for a more startling event had yet to come.

Suddenly, without any warning, a tidal wave (caused, as we shall afterwards see, by the disturbances and upheaval of the island of Krakatoa) made itself felt in the city. The Dutch capital has no harbor, and the only approach to it is by a long canal nearly two miles in length, lined on either side by massive brick walls. In this channel, leading from the roadstead to the city wharves, the water rose at an alarming rate and burst over the adjoining land. This was the first intimation at Batavia of the terrible wave which (as we discovered later on) was the messenger of death to so many thousand inhabitants on the western shores of Java. Its effects in the city were quite bad enough. Although this great torrent of water had travelled nearly ninety miles it dashed up the Batavian canal with great power. In spite of distance, its fury was not then fully spent. In the streets of the capital, adjoining the canals and wharves, the water rose to a depth of several feet, and the people had to run for their lives. Not long afterwards I steamed down the canal in a launch, and saw the destruction which had been caused. In several places the massive brickwork lining the sides had been swept away, leaving huge gaps in the masonry of many feet. The surrounding country also had been seriously inundated, great pools of water being visible everywhere. Fortunately the loss of life in Batavia was very small, and must have been confined to the natives who are always to be found along the banks of the canal. A little village on the coast, a short drive from the capital, was less fortunate, however. There was nothing there to break the force of the rushing waters as they dashed in all their fury on the northern shore of the island, and the country round being very flat, a serious loss of life occurred. The huge tidal wave broke over the native *kampung* (or village), and several hundred bodies were subsequently reported by the government resident of the district to be lying dead in the market-place.

Such were the events in the city of Batavia and its suburbs on that memorable Monday. As soon as the wave had spent its fury on the coast, the worst was

over. The shower of ashes ceased, and the darkness cleared off. Weaker and weaker grew the distant shocks, and at last they died away altogether. Traffic was once more resumed along the ash-strewn streets, which now had a grey coating some three or four inches in depth. On all sides trees were to be seen with broken branches, weighed down and snapped off, by the great pressure of the ashes which had rested upon them. The fowls which had gone to roost at midday, when the darkness was at its worst, again came forth to begin their day a second time.

An air of thankfulness pervaded all classes. There was a dim foreboding that a terrible calamity had occurred in some part of Java, and the anxiety was universal. All, however, was wrapped in obscurity, for the telegraph wires were broken and no information could be had. And it was not till some considerable time after that the startling news reached Batavia telling how an immense volcanic wave more than a hundred feet in height had devastated the whole north-western coast, sweeping away entirely Anjer and several other towns, and engulfing quite fifty thousand people in a watery grave.

We could scarcely believe in the city the terrible tidings of events which had happened so near to us. The towns destroyed were sixty miles distant from Batavia, and Krakatoa itself ninety miles, so that the volcanic wave must have travelled nearly thirty miles before it burst upon the shore and did its deadly work.

In subsequent papers I shall tell more of what took place on those two days in August on the Java coast, and describe as well a visit I made shortly afterwards to the ruined towns and villages. Such a scene of havoc and desolation it rarely falls to the lot of any one to witness, and once seen such a sight can never be forgotten.

From The National Review.
AN APPEAL TO MEN OF WEALTH.

BY LORD BRABAZON.

In an article recently published in this magazine I ventured to make an "Appeal to Men of Leisure" to devote some portion of the time at their disposal to the furtherance of works of philanthropy and charity. The favorable reception accorded to my remarks, encourages me to make a further appeal on behalf of similar objects to men of wealth and position.

Such an appeal may, perhaps, draw forth the remark that men of wealth in England are notoriously generous, and that men of high social position are never wanting to take the lead in works of genuine charity. These remarks are true in one sense, but untrue in another. It is true that large sums of money are always forthcoming on the occasion of any special appeal to the generosity of the British public, and that the voluntary subscriptions annually contributed to works of charity in this country are larger than in any other; it is also true that there is hardly any institution in the kingdom which cannot show its list of aristocratic, and often royal supporters; but it would not be in accordance with facts to assert that men of wealth and of social position take as active an interest in works of philanthropy and of charity as they do, for instance, in the pursuit of politics, or of mere luxury or amusement, or that they spend on the former as large a proportion of their income as they do on the latter. Now, although it may be thought, and very possibly really may be, utopian to expect the average man of wealth to expend upon his less fortunate fellow-creatures as much as he spends upon his own amusements, I certainly am quixotic enough to believe that a much larger proportion of men would be found capable of such madness, if in their youth they had been brought up to consider the wants of others; if, instead of being led to understand that philanthropy and charity were right and proper subjects for the consideration of parsons and women, but were beneath the attention of men of the world, it had been pointed out to them that there was no nobler work than the relief of human suffering, and the elevation of mankind, whether viewed from the Christian or the humanitarian point of view; if it had been shown them that exceptional opportunities for engaging in this work had been placed within their reach, that the mass of mankind were constantly engaged in a never-ending struggle for bare existence, and that questions affecting their social well-being were of vastly more importance to the people than the most exciting topics of political or even of international warfare, except in so far as the latter, by raising prices, still further increased for them the difficulties of living.

I do not think that many persons who are in the habit of watching the currents of public opinion will disagree with me when I say, that social questions not only hold a vastly more important position in

the public mind than formerly, but that they are annually encroaching on the domain of pure politics, and that no statesman or party will, in the near future, be able with impunity to leave them out of calculation. Indeed, I would go so far as to say, that the political party which has the courage to grapple firmly with such social questions as the housing of the poor, the regulation of the hours of labor, the State direction of emigration, the prevention of adulteration, the reform of our poor-laws, the sanitation of our public cities, the establishment of a government department of health, with a minister at its head of cabinet rank, the reform of our sanitary laws, the increase and better payment of inspectors of nuisances and of factories, and the appointment of a real and not of a sham public prosecutor, whose duty it shall be to defend the individual against all action, whether corporate or private, calculated to injure the public health — that the party, in short, that is bold enough to break loose from superstitious worship of the doctrine of *laissez faire*, and recognizes that the happiness of the people is the true end and aim of its existence, will obtain a lengthened monopoly of political power. Even supposing all this to be desirable, I hear the reader say, why appeal to wealthy men? What have they to say to it? Why not rather, in these democratic days, descend into the streets, and address your appeal to the masses with whom now rests the fate of ministers? That is just what I want you rich men of England to do! I do not so much care that you should increase your subscriptions to charitable objects (though this might often be done with advantage), as that you should use the great influence you possess in the cause of the happiness of the greatest number. I want you to show the poor man (what I know to be the case) that he is not forgotten by you; that you are alive to his sorrows, that you sympathize with him in his troubles, that you respect him for his honest struggles against penury and want, that you admire him for his patience; that you willingly acknowledge that moral worth is superior to all social distinction; that you recognize wealth as a talent which has been given you from above, and that your greatest pleasure in life is to use it for the good of your less favored brethren. If wealth descended oftener into the streets, there would be less animosity between capital and labor. Sympathy would soon produce love, and self-sacrifice reverence. Let the rich man

take for his motto, "Not alms but a friend" — a friend who should use his wealth and his education, not to pauperize, but to elevate and encourage, to dissipate prejudice, to soften hatreds, and to bridge the yawning chasms of society; for is it not true that separation begets ignorance, and ignorance hatred?

Let the poor man and the rich, the working man and the man of leisure, join hands in works of general utility and philanthropy, and there will be an end to class hatred. "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin." The poor man will not begrudge the wealth which he sees is being used to good purpose; he will recognize, without anger, the advantages which education, wealth, leisure, and social advantages have given to his fellow-workers of the upper classes, and, respecting the unselfishness which prompts the latter to devote their advantages to the benefit of mankind in general, will freely accord the honor which he might have been tempted to withhold from the possession of mere wealth or social position unsustained by personal merit. I appeal, then, to the wealthy, and the socially distinguished, to throw themselves into all movements of a non-political character, which are calculated to insure the *happiness* of the people, and by this I mean not happiness only which is the outcome of physical content, but that also which results from a good conscience and a well-regulated life.

From The Estates' Gazette.

GROUND-RENTS AND THE ABOLITION OF LEASEHOLDS.

WE referred a week or two ago to the Leasehold and Building Land Enfranchisement Bill, the latest of a series to which the House of Commons has been treated during the last two years. We then pointed out how preposterous is the proposal in that bill, that the tenant of a leasehold property should have the right to purchase the freehold at twenty-five years' purchase of the ground rent. Since those observations were printed, remarkable confirmation has occurred of the justice of the arguments we urged against hasty and ignorantly conceived legislation such as that aimed at by the authors of this, and for the matter of that of every other bill designed with the same object which has yet been presented to Parliament. It is a confirmation which practi-

cal men do not need; but it has to be remembered that those who will have at some, probably not very distant day, to decide upon these measures, or some of them, are not, save perhaps some few exceptions, practical men, although some amount of technical knowledge is absolutely essential to a clear understanding of this important subject. During the last fortnight various sales of ground-rents have taken place, at which figures far in excess of twenty-five years' purchase have been obtained. Last week, for instance, an eminent firm of auctioneers sold three ground-rents in succession, each of which obtained a higher price than the five backers of the bill — Mr. Daniel Grant, Mr. Inderwick, Mr. Spencer Balfour, Sir Thomas Chambers, and Mr. Firth — deem adequate for property which they seem to consider of so little account as ground-rents. In one case the auctioneers obtained £31,720, or twenty-six years' purchase, for a ground-rent of £1,220 in Eastcheap, with the long period of seven-nine years to run. In view of the remoteness of the reversion, that is, of course, a long price; but no one who has had much to do with the purchase and sale of ground-rents would suggest that there is anything excessive in the figures. The fact that twenty-six years' purchase can be obtained for an important piece of property like this, when the lease has more than three-quarters of a century to run, suggests the question: what price will the ground-rent command in fifty years time? Certainly fifty, and not improbably sixty years' purchase. In another case, a ground-rent of £76, with reversion in twenty-eight years, commanded £3,100, or nearly forty-one years' purchase. An even more striking case was the third, in which £9,300, or thirty-one years' purchase, was paid for a ground-rent of £300, in Great Tower Street, with the relatively long period of forty-nine years to run. This week's list of sales at the Mart supplies further evidence to the same end. A ground-rent of £35 a year at Stratford, with reversion in forty-nine years, was sold for £1,010, or nearly thirty years' purchase. A good idea of the value of a ground-rent when the lease is running out is given by the result of another sale held on the same day by the same firm. A ground-rent at Stratford of £15 a year, with only twenty years to run, fetched £900, or sixty years' purchase. Now, if the Leasehold Building Land Enfranchisement Bill were law the unfortunate owner of this valuable bit of prop-

erty would have been forced to accept £375 for that which, in the open market, has commanded not far short of treble the amount a few *doctrinaire* politicians consider it ought to be worth. Again, it is not very long since a ground-rent of £26 in the Whitechapel Road, with only twenty-three years to run, realized the remarkable price of £1,500, or fifty-eight years' purchase. Instances of this kind could be multiplied, and many will readily occur to our readers. It is not alone in London that figures like these are obtained. Ground-rents have come to be regarded as one of the most valuable and unfluctuating forms of real property, and wherever they exist they command prices which, always high, are naturally highest in thickly populated centres. Every practical man is familiar with circumstances in which twenty-five years' purchase of the ground-rent would be even more ludicrously inadequate than in the cases we have mentioned. In London alone there is a very large number of houses held upon long leases at ground-rents which are really less than nominal. Upon the Bishop of London's estate, at Paddington, for example, ground-rents are exceedingly low, and we believe it would not be impossible to find upon that property houses rented at over £100 per annum, burdened with ground-rents of less than £5. In the event of the bill with which we are dealing becoming law, it would consequently be possible for a tenant to compel his landlord to part with the freehold at one and a quarter year's purchase of the rack rent! It is not merely a professional axiom, but a rule of common sense, that the fewer years a lease has to run and the sooner the reversion to the rack-rental falls in, the greater the value. Yet none of the Leaseholds Enfranchisement Bills allow for this higher value. Mr. Henry Broadhurst's original bill, providing as it does that it shall not apply to leases which are running out, and that purchase money shall be fixed by the county court as between a willing vendor and a willing purchaser, is obviously much to be preferred to this most dishonest and confiscatory *projet de loi*. We should, however, be very much surprised to learn that there is any notable body of public opinion in favor of any such measure, whatever its details. These various bills are merely a part of the factitious agitation got up by Mr. Henry George, and necessarily have a most depressing effect upon the property market at the present time.